

KAIAPOHIA

THE STORY OF A SIEGE

BY
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Late of the Anglican Maori Mission

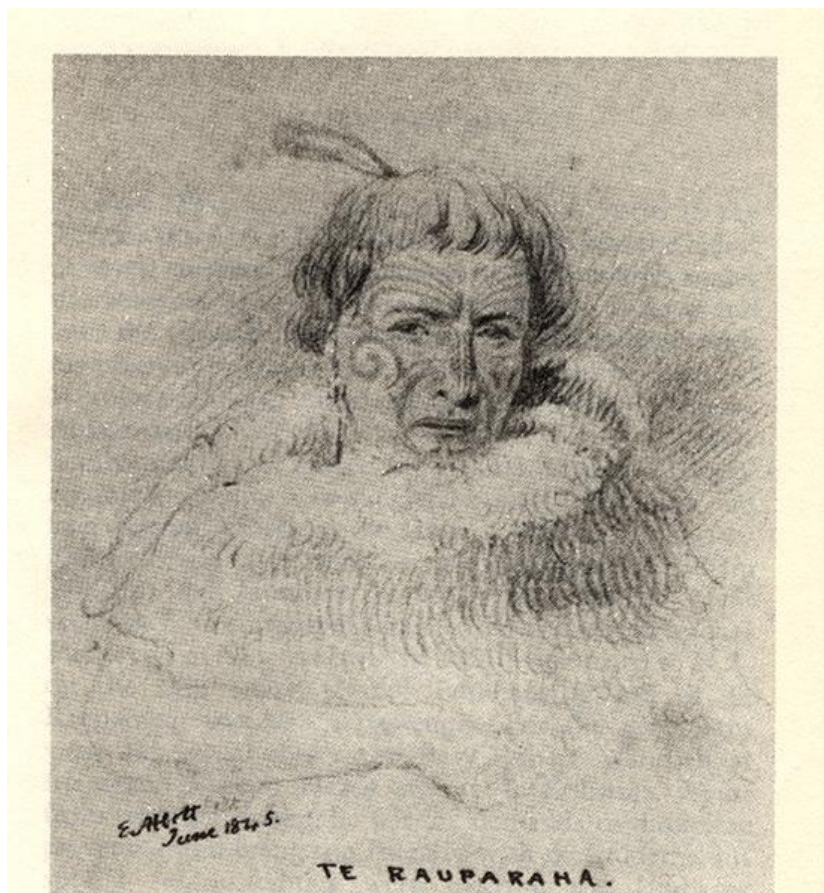
*Late Government Interpreter and Inspector
of Native Schools in the South Island, etc., etc.*

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1893

Dedication.

I DEDICATE TO ALL NEW ZEALANDERS
THIS BRIEF HISTORY
OF ONE OF THE FAMOUS FORTRESSES
OF OUR ADOPTED COUNTRY.

CHRISTCHURCH.
Christmas, 1892.



TE RAUPARAH. A. 1845

PREFACE.

I have found considerable difficulty in fixing the exact dates of the occurrences related in this history, owing to the Maoris possessing no written record of them. If Tamaiharanui was carried off in the brig Elizabeth in October or November, 1830, Te Rauparaha's first raid on Kaiapoi was probably made either towards the close of 1828 or the beginning of 1829; and Kaiapoi was captured in 1831, just four years before Hempleman started his whaling station at Pireka, on Banks Peninsula, and twenty years before the arrival of the Canterbury Pilgrims in the first four ships.

For the plan of the site of the old Pah, I am indebted to my friend Colonel Lean. The plan shows that a considerable space in front of the deep ditch, which crossed from side to side of the lagoon in front of the Pah, was at one time covered with houses. These buildings were all burnt, and the fences removed by the Kaiapoi people themselves as soon as they became aware that Rauparaha was coming to attack them. The principal entrances to the Pah were on the land side, the Kaitangata gate being near the South Eastern angle of the Stockade, and the Hiakarere near the South Western; the Huirapa gate was on the Western side. The illustration representing the Old Kaiapoi Pah shows the South Western angle where Te Pehi was killed, and the dwelling houses of some of the principal Chiefs.

All who have travelled up and down the coast of New Zealand, and experienced a tossing in the stormy Straits of Raukawa (Cook), will admit that the Maoris must have been very plucky and skilful navigators to be able to traverse such stormy waters with safety, and to accomplish such long voyages as they did in their canoes. Part of Rauparaha's fleet is shewn in the illustration approaching the landing place. The man standing up with a taiaha in his hand is chanting a boat song, to which the paddles beat time. The peculiar appearance of the sails of the canoes still in the offing, suggests the idea that they are upside down, but only to those who have not resided long

enough in this country to know that it is a very common occurrence to find things topsey-turvey in New Zealand.

The pattern of tattooing on Te Pehi's face, affords a good specimen of the art, and shows to what perfection it had attained. It is astonishing to think that such an elaborate design could be marked on a living human face by such a painful process as the native artist adopted, without making a mistake of any kind; and though the work was done at different times, the symmetry and uniformity was preserved with great exactness. The artist first drew the pattern with charcoal on the face of the person to be tattooed, who placed his head on the operator's lap or on the ground for the purpose; and if it was approved of, he proceeded to tap the point of a bone needle—which had been previously dipped in ink made of a particular kind of charcoal—sufficiently far into the skin to secure an indelible mark being made; the punctures were placed close together, and as the skin began to swell, the difficulty of avoiding a mistake must have been very great. It was generally necessary to submit to several sittings before the tattooing of the face was completed. But brave dandies were not content to have their faces only marked, but had similar patterns on a larger scale drawn on their chests and thighs. It must be admitted that a man with such a pattern drawn on his face as Te Pehi had was entitled to assume the role of a critic on tattooing, and that he was probably quite correct in his contemptuous remarks about the markings on Mr. Moimoi's face, to which reference is made on page 31.

My thanks are due to Mr. Menzies Gibb and Miss Meeson, for kindly helping me to procure some of the illustrations, and to the *Press* Newspaper Company for the views of Kaiapoi and the Woollen Factory, and to my friend Captain Lowthian Wilson for correcting the proofs, and to my publishers, Messrs. Whitcombe & Tombs, for the kindly interest they have taken in my little book.

I have purposely retained the name Kaiapoi for the old Pah as it was the commonly-adopted abbreviation for Kaiapohia in use amongst

the Maoris, and it will help to connect the modern English town with the old Maori town of the same name. The longer name, Kaiapohia, was used in all formal speeches and in poetical compositions; and it is to be hoped that one result of giving it greater publicity amongst Europeans in the accompanying narrative, will be to induce residents in the Kaiapoi district to call themselves Kaiapohians in future, instead of applying to themselves the unmusical name by which they have hitherto been designated.

I have spelt "Pa" with an "h" because my book being intended for English readers, I thought it better to adopt the English mode of spelling the word. I would remind my readers who know nothing of Maori, that the vowels have the same sound as in French, and that as the words are spelt phonetically every syllable should be pronounced.

J. W. S.

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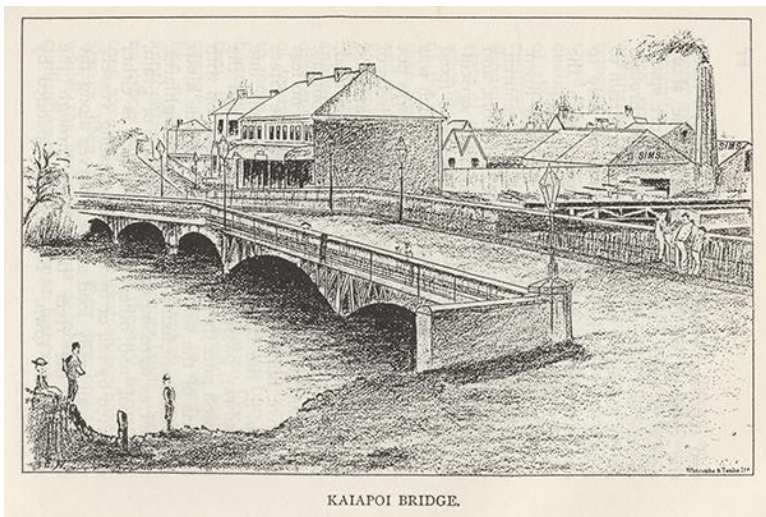
KAIAPOHIA

CHAPTER I.

THE PAH of Kaiapoi, after which the English town of that name in the Provincial District of Canterbury is called, was the chief fortress and stronghold of the Maori tribe of Ngai Tahu; and the story of its siege and capture by a hostile force from the North Island, under the command of the famous warrior chief, Te Rauparaha, forms the most important chapter in the modern history of the natives residing in the South Island of New Zealand. The facts narrated in the following pages were told the writer more than thirty years ago, by persons who had either taken part in the defence of the Pah, or who had once resided within its walls.

The growth and development of the English community in this country has been so rapid that only a small percentage of persons in it have any conception of the marvellous change which has taken place in the appearance of New Zealand, and in the character of its inhabitants within the short period of sixty years. No one passing to-day through the busy towns, and along the well-kept highways and railroads, which traverse a country studded in all directions with comfortable homesteads, surrounded by cornfields and well-stocked pastures,—could imagine that persons still living have only to close their eyes to the scenes around them to enable them to recall to mind the appearance of the country when there was not a sign of civilized life to be found anywhere within a thousand miles of it, when everything was in a state of nature, and the only people to be seen were fierce, untamed barbarians. No two parts of the world were then more unlike each other than highly cultivated, highly civilized England and wild uncouth, barbaric New Zealand; they had nothing in common; the physical features of both countries, and the vegetation, the animal life, and the people were altogether different. But so rapid has been

the process of transformation, that persons who have come to these shores within the last twenty-five years have found everything about them so like what they left behind in the Old World, that the change of residence has proved to them more like a removal from one English county to another than removal to a foreign land. Seeing no traces anywhere around them of barbarism, they have failed to realize that things have not always been here what they are now; that whilst the barbaric age is separated from the civilization of Europe by an interval of nearly two thousand years, it is only separated from the colonists of New Zealand by the short period of sixty; and that, in that short space of time, the pioneer settlers have passed through all the phases of experience, from barbarism to a high state of civilization. We have only to compare the Kaiapoi of the present with the Kaiapoi of the near past to realise this fact.

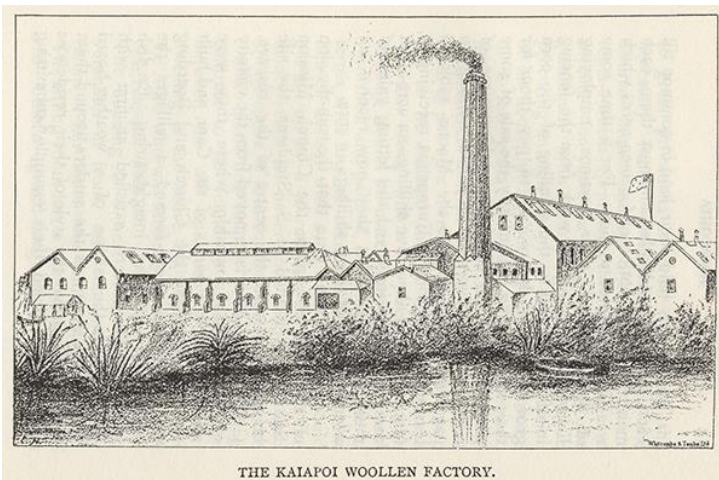


The Kaiapoi of to-day is a borough town, twelve miles north of the city of Christchurch, presided over by a Mayor and Councillors, and is the centre of a large and flourishing

agricultural district. The site of the town was fixed upon in 1853; but the first building, which was a thatched cottage of wattle and daub, was not put up till 1855. Since that date hundreds of substantial dwellings have been erected, and the population of the town and neighbourhood, which is entirely European, has grown from one inhabitant to four thousand. There are no less than five hundred children attending the State School in the borough. The main trunk line of Railway passes through the town, and the telegraph puts the place in communication with all parts of the world. Shops of various kinds and hotels are found in the main thoroughfares, as well as warehouses for the storage of grain, and wool, and other produce, which is either exported by rail or by water in coasting vessels, which can easily load at the wharves along the bank of the river that flows through the centre of the town. The river is spanned by two bridges, one for wheel traffic and the other for foot-passengers. The most conspicuous public buildings are the churches belonging to Anglican, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, and Roman Catholic communions, the Borough Schools, the Oddfellows' Hall, the Masonic Hall, the Bank, the Resident Magistrates' Court, Borough Council Chamber, and a Library of several thousand volumes, the Drill Shed, and Fire Brigade Station. But the largest building of all is the Woollen Factory, on which the welfare of the town mainly depends. It occupies a very picturesque situation on the banks of the Cam, and covers a large space of ground, having attained to its present dimensions from very small beginnings. It was started in 1866 for the preparation of the fibre of native flax, which grew over thousands of acres in the immediate neighbourhood; but as it did not prove a paying concern, it was converted, in 1873, into a flannel and blanket factory. It changed hands for the third time in 1880, when the range of its operations was very greatly extended. The newest machinery was imported from Home, and the manufacture of every kind of woollen fabric undertaken. Being in a position to secure the choicest kinds of

New Zealand wool, the Managers of the Kaiapoi factory are able to turn out as good work as any of the looms in the Old Country. The mill uses up about 950,000 lbs. of wool during the year, and employs 270 hands on the premises, and 320 in the Clothing Factory at Christchurch.

The borough adjoins the Native Reserve of Kaiapoi, on which the Maoris reside. This Reserve contains two thousand six hundred and forty acres, and forms part of the land which the Maoris reserved for their exclusive use, when in 1848 they conveyed upwards of twenty million acres to the Crown for the small sum of two thousand pounds, an amount which was afterwards slightly added to. Six hundred acres in the centre of this block was covered at that time with fine forest trees, consisting mostly of black and white pine, and totara. When the existence of this forest became generally known to the colonists, many persons who were in search of employment purchased from the Maoris the right to use the timber, and for many years a brisk trade was carried on in building and fencing materials, and firewood—about two hundred sawyers being engaged in it, besides a large number of bullock-draysmen, and sea-faring people who were employed in conveying the timber to Lyttelton and Christchurch. Before the days of wool and grain, it was the timber from the Maori Bush which supported the township of Kaiapoi. For many years past there has not been a tree, or even a stump to mark the site of the forest, which is now the richest arable land, yielding as much as sixty bushels of wheat to the acre. Every tree was cut down, and the stumps and roots were all removed for firewood, the high price obtainable for fuel making their removal profitable.



THE KAIAPOI WOOLLEN FACTORY.

The Maoris held their land in common till 1860, when it was divided amongst them, each man receiving a section of fourteen acres which was Crown-granted to him. For a time some of them farmed their sections, employing Europeans to do all the work from the fencing in of the ground to the grinding of the corn grown upon it, the money to pay them for their labour being obtained by the sale of some part of the bush. But when this source of revenue was exhausted they had nothing to pay wages with, and so the Maoris took to leasing their sections to Europeans, receiving at first a rental of about five shillings an acre; but competition has improved the letting value of their land, for which they now receive an average rental of thirty shillings an acre.

About the same time that the sub-division of the land took place the Church Mission Station was formed at S. Stephens, the site being chosen near the centre of the reserve. Gradually the Maoris removed from the vicinity of the English township where they were settled, along the banks of the Cam, and built their houses round the Church and Boarding School, where

they formed a village, the counterpart of the neighbouring English hamlets. They were satisfied at first with anything in the shape of a weather-board house, but as soon as the settlers around them began to improve the style of their residences the Maoris copied their example, submitting to great privations in order to procure the necessary funds wherewith to make the desired improvements, often pledging their rents—which furnished their only source of income—for years for the purpose. One old gentleman who found great difficulty in procuring enough money to secure the erection of his house, having got together in the course of a few years the sum of *forty pounds*, proceeded to interview all the builders in the Christchurch district, hoping to induce one of them to put up a dwelling house for that sum; but as he insisted that it should contain a "*parlour room*," with a fire-place, and that the building should be match-lined throughout, and varnished, and painted, he could never come to terms with any of them, and had to content himself at last with such a house as he could get put up by a journeyman carpenter for the money; but he never took kindly to it, and always spoke of it in contemptuous terms as the white man's dog kennel." The most striking contrast to be found in the native village between the old and new style of Maori dwelling is the house built by the late Chief Te Aika, who was formerly an inhabitant of the old Kaiapoi Pah and fought in its defence. The building is a neat villa residence with verandah in front, and contains five or six rooms of fair dimensions comfortably furnished. The sitting room has a piano in it on which the old Chiefs grand-daughter played for his amusement any English tunes with which he was familiar. A short distance behind the house stands a stable with accommodation for several horses, and a coach-house containing a good buggy. There is an orchard stocked with fruit trees, and in the front of the section a garden plot full of English flowers. A shed close by shelters one of Ransom and Sim's steam threshing machines owned by a company of young

Maoris who work it together. All young Maoris can now speak English, and apart from their complexion there is nothing in the dress or manners and customs of the Kaiapoi Maoris of the present day to distinguish them from their English fellow-citizens.

Some details of the historical narrative contained in these pages may appear to the reader rather revolting, and calculated to produce an unfavourable impression of the Maori people; but, before adopting any adverse opinion about them upon such evidence as that which is herein supplied, the reader should bear in mind that it is not fair to judge the habits and actions of these people by our standard of 19th century culture and refinement, and that if we wish to deal fairly with them we ought to go back to the days of our own Saxon forefathers when they first appear on the page of European history for the standard by which to estimate their habits and actions; and if we do this we shall find that the difference between the two races is after all very small indeed. In a work written by Professor Gummere, and published during the present year, the "aim of which is to give an account of the founders of our race," we find evidence of the humbling fact that our own forefathers were guilty at times of perpetrating quite as blood-curdling deeds of ferocity as the Maoris—that they were just as cruel, and almost as backward in their civilization. Their dwelling-house consisted of one chamber which was used for all purposes. Adults wore but scanty clothing, and young children none at all. As late as the 6th century of the Christian era, infanticide was practised, and the sick and aged and useless people were killed without compunction. Scandinavian tradition contains allusions to the practice of drinking the blood of a slain enemy, in order to acquire his courage and spirit. "Eating the heart" is a tradition deep rooted in Germanic mythology. The German warrior's favourite drinking vessel was one fashioned from the skull of a slaughtered enemy. The famous Alboin, King of the

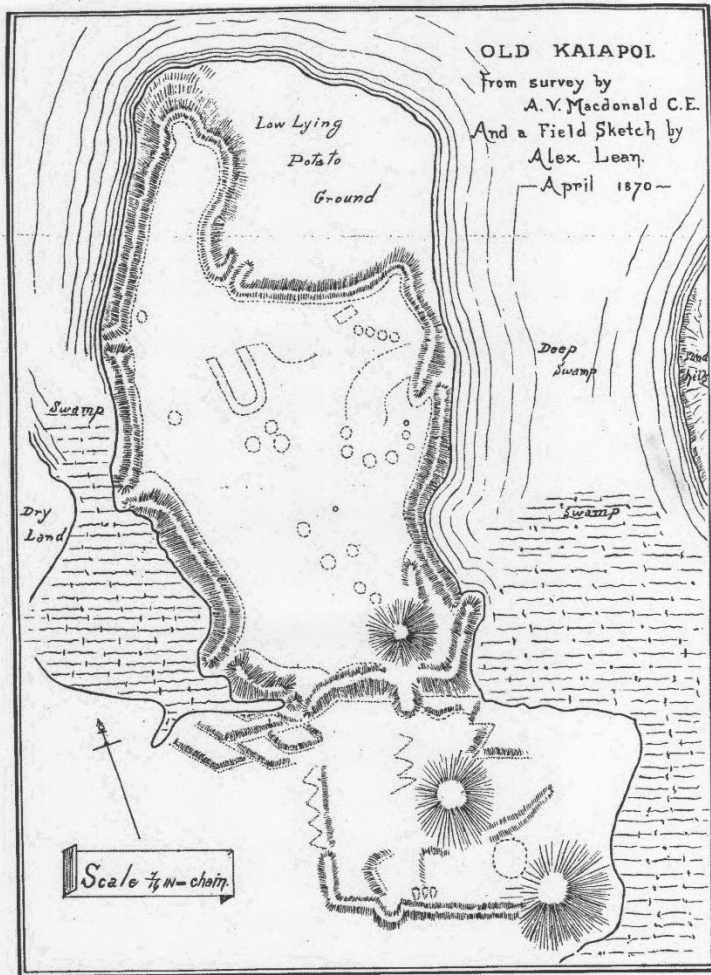
Lombards, after killing his father-in-law, Cunimund, caused a drinking cup to be made from his skull. This cup he had the inhumanity to send, filled with wine, to his queen, telling her “to drink with her father”—an insult which deservedly cost him his life.

The following story of the siege and capture of Kaiapohia is published in the hope that it will not only prove interesting to the general public, but especially so to those who have been born in the vicinity of Kaiapoi, and who may learn, perhaps for the first time, from these pages, the interesting nature of the locality with which they are so closely identified. And if the story has the good fortune to survive long enough in print, it may prove of some service hereafter to the historian and the archaeologist, when time has done for Pakeha and Maori history what it has done for that of Saxon, Norman and Briton.

CHAPTER II.

THE PAH of Kaiapohia was originally built by Tu Rakautahi, about the year 1700, after the expulsion from the district of the Ngatimamoe. Tu Rakautahi was the head chief of the tribe known as Ngatikuri, or Ngai Tahu, a tribe which first settled in the neighbourhood of Poverty Bay on its arrival from Hawaiki in the canoes, Taki-timu, Kara-haupo, and Mata-horua. It afterwards removed to the shores of Cook's Strait, and fixed its chief settlement near Evans' Bay, in Port Nicholson.

From there it migrated, in 1677, to Queen Charlotte's Sound, and commenced at once a war of extermination against the Ngatimomoe, a tribe which about a hundred years previously had crossed over from the North and destroyed the Waitaha, who were the first Maori occupants of the South Island. The Waitaha came originally from Hawaiki, in the canoe Arawa, and gradually made their way south from the Bay of Plenty, and crossed Cook's Strait about the year 1570. Freed from the alarms of war, and nourished by the exhaustless supplies of food furnished by a region where the finest sorts of fern-root and choicest ti palms grew, and field rats, and wekas swarmed in the open country, where the woods were full of kakas, pigeons, and other birds of all kinds suitable for food, where the lakes and rivers were covered with water-fowl, and teemed with eels, and silveries, and whitebait, where along the sea coast shell fish, seals, mutton birds and fish of every sort were obtainable, the Waitaha increased and multiplied so rapidly, that they are described in the ancient traditions as "covering the face of the country like myriads of ants."



OLD KAIAPOI.
 From survey by
 A. V. Macdonald C.E.
 And a Field Sketch by Alex. Lean.
 April 1870

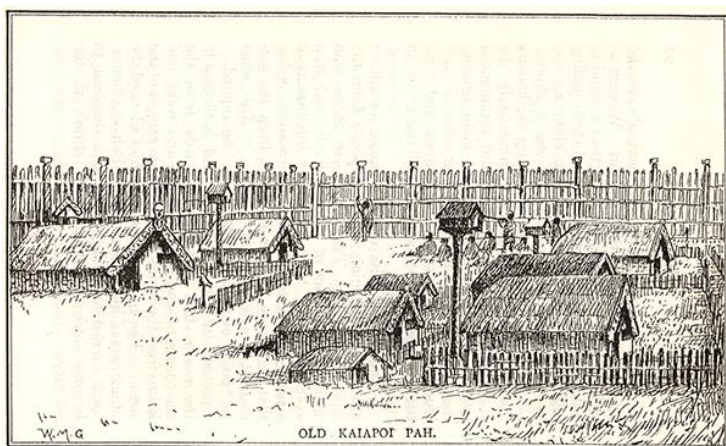
The Ngai Tahu fought their way under the leadership of Tu Rakautahi's sons from Queen Charlotte's Sound to Stewart's Island, and the remains of their pahs may be traced all along the coast from the mouth of the Wairau River to Foveaux Strait. The conquest of the country occupied the Ngai Tahu about thirty years; and it was towards the close of that period that Tu Rakautahi fixed the head-quarters of the tribe at Kaiapohia. The site was well chosen for defensive purposes on a small tongue of land containing about five acres, jutting out into the Tairutu Lagoon, a sheet of water of considerable size, and deep enough to afford protection on three sides of the Pah. Adjoining the lagoon were swamps which stretched away north and south along the coast and for many miles up the plain in a westerly direction. These swamps served a double purpose: they added to the difficulties of a hostile force trying to approach the Pah, and at the same time afforded facilities for the escape of the inhabitants, in the event of its being captured by enemies. The fortifications consisted of earth-works, surmounted by strong palisades. The defences on the land side were strengthened by a broad, deep ditch, which extended across the entire front of the Pah. Behind the wall of earth there was a double row of strong palisades, eighteen to twenty feet high, bound at the top and bottom to cross ties with a tough kind of woodbine called Aka. The cross ties were fastened to large totara posts, erected at intervals along the wall; and on the top of each post was carved a grotesque figure, inlaid with pearl shell, and painted with red ochre. The walls were pierced by three openings, two on the land side, and one on the western side adjoining the lagoon, which was connected with the opposite shore by a bridge. The Pah was considered so impregnable, that it became a proverbial saying in allusion to it, "who can scale the inaccessible cliff of God." The space within the walls nearest to the gates, Kaitangata and Huirapa, was occupied by the houses of some of the principal chiefs. They were all built facing the north, and were large structures capable of

accommodating a hundred persons, and some of them even a greater number. They were ornamented both inside and out with carving and scroll work. Close beside each of these dwelling houses stood the Kauta or Kitchen, and the Whata or Storehouse belonging to it. The rest of the space was mostly occupied by the houses of the commonality, who formed the majority of the population. There were two burial grounds within the Pah; and a large open space between the gates Hiakarere and Huirapa, where public meetings and sports were held. At the north end of this space stood the large Whata erected by Tamati Tikao's father, and called the Matuku rangi. The stump of the large totara post which supported the Whata is still visible. The "Tuahu," or shrine of the guardian Atua, was placed at the northern corner of the fortress, in the safest and most secluded spot, and the house of the Ariki, or chief priest, adjoined it.

The timber required for the construction of the Pah was procured from the neighbouring forests, which covered the greater part of what is now known as the Maori Reserve, and extended from Woodend to Rangiora. The trees were cut down with stone axes, a long and tedious operation where they were of any size, and wooden wedges were employed to split them up when slabs were required for house building. These materials were conveyed to the place where they were to be used either on mens' shoulders or they were dragged along the ground with ropes, skids being placed underneath to lessen the friction. When timbers had to be hauled from the forest, a general invitation was given to the people by the Chiefs in charge of the work to come and assist them: an invitation which was always readily responded to, as the business of hauling was always the occasion of much feasting and fun. Women as well as men were welcome to bear a hand in pulling the ropes; and to ensure their pulling together, one man was told off to chant a song, to each verse of which there was a chorus. While the

solo part was being sung the haulers rested and took breath, but immediately the chorus began they joined in it and commenced to pull with all their might and main, causing the woods to ring again with the echo of their loud song. With successive pauses and pulls they proceeded on their way till called off to rest and feast.

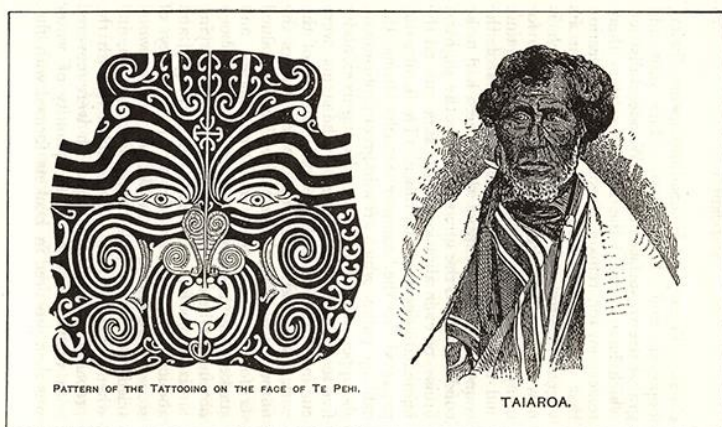
The Pah got its name Kaiapoi, or rather Kaiapohia, (meaning "food depot,") from the answer given by Turakautahi to those who criticised his choice of the site for it, and who asked him how he expected the inhabitants of a place so situated to escape starvation, seeing that they were too far removed from the permanent sources of food supply. "'Kai' must be 'poi'" or swung to the spot," he replied,— "potted birds from the forests of Kaikoura in the north, fish, and mutton birds from the sea-coasts of the south, Kiore and weka and kauru from the plains and mountain ranges of the west." The ready wit of the Chief silenced the objections of his critics, and his Pah was henceforth known as Kaiapoi, a name destined to become famous in the future annals of the country.



In order to provide themselves with the means of exchange for the commodities they stood in need of, the inhabitants of Kaiapoi were obliged to devote much of their time to the cultivation of the Kumera, or sweet potato, and to the preparation of Kauru or cabbage tree stems, which they bartered with the inhabitants of other parts of the island for whatever else in the shape of food they stood in need of. The Kumera being a native of a tropical climate they found great difficulty in growing it so far south, where frost was likely to prove fatal to its existence. To regulate the temperature of the soil, and to secure perfect drainage, they covered the surface of the Kumera plantations with fine gravel, to a depth of six inches, which was afterwards formed into mounds about two feet in diameter, and arranged over the field with the precision of the squares on a chess board, and in these mounds the Kumera tubers were planted. Breakwinds of manuka branches, varying from two to four feet in height, were erected every few yards apart, and in such a way as to secure the largest amount of sunshine and shelter to each plant. Both the planting and gathering of this crop were attended with peculiar religious rites, and only skilled persons were allowed to take any part in a work, every detail of which was held sacred, and conducted under the supervision of officers, chosen for their special qualifications at the annual meeting of Tohungas or learned men, held in the Whare Purakaunui on the rising of the star Puaka (Rigel). It was the duty of these officers to consecrate the Kumera plantations each spring to the service of Marihaka and Pani, the two divinities who presided over the welfare of the sacred plant. Starting from the left-hand corner of each field, they began this ceremony by placing sprigs of koromiko or veronica in the ground; after doing this, they walked in a straight line to the other side of the field, reciting together as they went the appropriate prayers. At the top of each mara or plot they gathered a handful of leaves or weeds (pitau), which they carried in their hands to the nearest Taumatua, or shrine.

There were two of these shrines at Kaiapoi, one being situated at Waituere, nearly opposite Mr. Charles Young's present residence, and the other near the Maori village of S. Stephen's, in the centre of the reserve. They each consisted of a small piece of ground a few feet square, enclosed with a fence like a grave plot: within the enclosure, which was called "the god's garden," four mounds were made and planted with kumeras. After consecrating the left side of the fields, the officials proceeded to consecrate the right side, gathering as before the pitau offering, which was duly placed in one or other of the shrines, and called the Whangainga, or feeding of the Atuas. The last persons who performed these important duties at Kaiapoi were Te Auta, Te Whaketu, Tina, Takatakau and Karara; these were all old and venerated chiefs. Their youthful coadjutors were Takai, Popowai, and Tikapakapa. The pits and gravel-strewn surfaces in the Woodend district, which have puzzled the English settlers there to account for, remain to remind this generation that Canterbury once included amongst its vegetable products a tropical plant which is now extinct, but the cultivation of which for many generations occupied much of the time and thought of the former inhabitants of the country. The storing of the kumera had to be conducted with the utmost care, as the slightest bruise, or even abrasion of the skin, caused the immediate decay of the tuber. The kauru was prepared in the summer months from the cabbage palms, which grew in great profusion on the upper parts of the plain. Young trees, about five feet high, were selected. The stems were cut into two feet lengths, and stripped of the bark and woody substance which covers the fibrous core, the only part of which was valued as food. These were tied in bundles and stacked, till a sufficient quantity had been obtained, when an oblong pit was dug, varying in size from four to twelve feet in length, and about five or six in depth. A quantity of stones were placed in the bottom, and firewood piled upon them which was afterwards lit, and when consumed, the pit was filled in with

the prepared ti palm stems, which were covered with matting and soil. A quantity of water was then procured in buckets formed with flax leaves, and poured into the pit, the bottom of which was covered with the heated stones. The steam generated was prevented from escaping by a sufficient quantity of soil being heaped upon the mat-covering of the pit. After several hours the oven was uncovered and the kauru was found to be cooked sufficiently for use. It was then placed in flax baskets and carried to the store-houses in the Pah. When required for food the fibre was either chewed for the extraction of the saccharine matter it contained; or it was pounded and mixed with water in a wooden dish till it assumed the consistency of thin gruel, when it was ready for use, being conveyed to the mouths of those who partook of it either with a mussel-shell spoon or a sop of fern root; or, wanting these, with the first two fingers of the right hand.



PATTERN OF TATTOOING ON THE FACE OF TE PEHI

TAIAROA

The trade created by the system of food exchange established by Tu Rakautahi, necessitated the employment of a large body of porters, who were constantly employed carrying heavy loads to and from the various Pahs extending from the north to the south of the island. The labours of these men were greatly increased by the practice which prevailed of giving each of them more than one load to carry. This necessitated the formation of depots, between which the carriers went backwards and forwards, travelling over the same ground again and again, until they reached their final destination. The weight of an ordinary load was seldom short of a hundred pounds, attached to the lower end of each burden was a sort of stool, to enable the porter to rest at any time during the journey, without the trouble of disengaging himself from his load. When a band of porters were returning home, and had reached the last stage, they sent forward one of their number to inform the person to whom their burdens were consigned of their arrival. Whereupon he gathered a number of his friends and dependents together, and went to meet the carriers; and on reaching the place where they were awaiting him, he directed the extra loads to be taken up by those who had accompanied him, and then the whole party started in procession for the Pah, where on entry, they were greeted with loud acclamations of welcome.

The population of Kaiapoi was considerable for a Maori town and, very aristocratic, as most of the chief families of Ngai Tahu had their head-quarters there, and owned what we should call a family mansion. In peaceful times the inhabitants were dispersed over the country from Waipara to Ashburton, and from the western ranges to Banks' Peninsula, fishing, hunting, or cultivating the land. They either dwelt during such periods in partially fortified Pahs like those, the remains of which may be seen near S. Stephen's Church, on the Maori Reserve, or in open Kaingas, consisting of a few unprotected whares.

As time went on the inhabitants of Kaiapoi acquired a widespread reputation for wealth. In addition to the spoils of the vanquished Ngatimamoe, they were known to possess a large quantity of the highly-prized greenstone, which they had obtained from the West Coast; and many covetous eyes in the North Island were fixed upon their valuable possessions. Every tribe throughout Maoridom prized greenstone above everything else, and strove to acquire it. The locality in which it was found was known by report to all, and the popular imagination pictured untold wealth to be awaiting the adventurous explorer of that region. But the difficulties which beset the journey to this Maori Eldorado were practically insurmountable, and frustrated the efforts of most of those who attempted to reach it. The stormy straits of Raukawa had first to be crossed, and then a land journey of great length and difficulty undertaken, over rugged and lofty mountain ranges, so steep in places that the travellers were obliged to use ladders formed of supple jack, or other tough woodbines, to enable them to get past. Pathless and seemingly interminable forests had to be traversed, whose dark shades were made still more gloomy by the incessant rainfall, which kept the thick undergrowth of moss and ferns always dripping wet. Deep and rapid rivers had to be crossed, either on rafts made of dried flax stalks, or on foot, the waders being only able to avoid being swept away by the swift current, by a number of them entering the water together, and holding on tightly to a pole which they bore across the river in their hands. The scarcity of food throughout the whole region to be traversed by the searcher after greenstone, added to the danger of the task, for beyond the small quantity they were able to carry with them travellers were entirely dependent for their food upon the wekas and eels, which they were able to catch as they went along. But besides all these difficulties they were in constant danger of encountering hostile bands of men, bound on the same errand as themselves. But even where the journey was so far

successful that the treasure sought for was found, its great weight made it impossible for the discoverer to carry back more than a few fragments, and these were obtained by breaking them off with stone hammers. In spite of the longing desire of the northern Maoris to enrich themselves with the treasures of greenstone which existed on the west coast of the South Island, the serious obstacles which beset the approach to that region deterred them from making the attempt to get there, and they had to content themselves with what they were able to acquire from their fellow countrymen in the south, in exchange for mats and canoes, and such other manufactures as their southern neighbours were willing to accept.

In spite, however, of the drawbacks and difficulties attending the acquisition of greenstone, there were very few Maoris in either island who did not possess some tool, or weapon, or ornament formed of it. And the story of the way in which the Maoris overcame the difficulties which beset the finding of the greenstone, and its conveyance on their backs across the Alpine ranges to their distant homes, and the manufacture of its hard material into useful and ornamental objects, will remain a lasting monument of their enterprise, energy and industry.

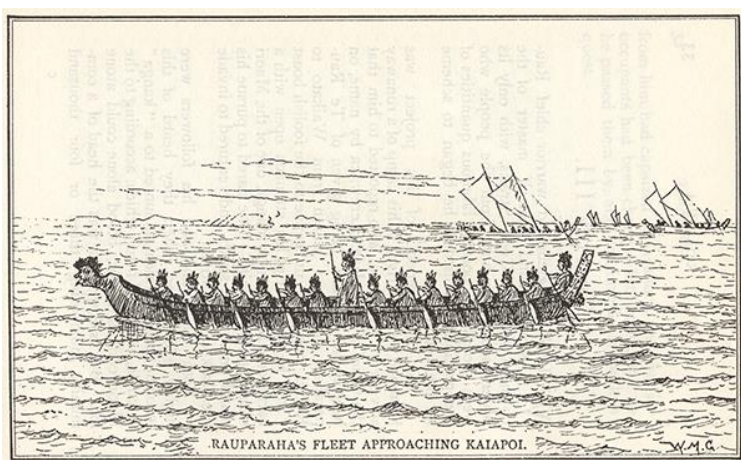
According to an ancient legend the reason why greenstone is found in such an inaccessible region is that the locality was chosen by the three wives of Tamatea the circumnavigator, when they deserted him, as the hiding place most likely to escape discovery. Tamatea's search along the east coast was unsuccessful, and after passing through Foveaux Straits he continued to skirt the shore, listening at the entrance to every inlet for any sound which might indicate the whereabouts of the runaways. But it was not till he arrived off the mouth of the Arahura river that he heard voices. There he landed, but failed to find his wives, being unable to recognise them in the enchanted blocks of greenstone, over which the water murmured incessantly. He did not know that the canoe in which

his wives escaped from him had capsized at Arahura, and that its occupants had been changed into stone, and so he passed them by, and continued his fruitless quest.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the celebrated warrior chief Rauparaha found himself master of the northern shores of Cook Straits, with only its waters separating him from the people who were thought to possess fabulous Quantities of the precious greenstone, he began to scheme for their conquest.

The development of his project was hastened by the arrival in his camp of a runaway slave from Kaikoura, who reported to him that the Chief of that place, Rerewaka by name, on hearing an account being given of Te Rauparaha's victorious march from Waikato to Kapiti, had given utterance to the foolish boast "that he would rip his stomach open with a barracouta tooth"—niho manga, one of the Maori substitutes for a knife—if he dared to pursue his march any further south, and ventured to invade the Kaikoura country.



RAUPARAH'S FLEET APPROACHING KAIAPOI.

Both Rauparaha and his followers were highly exasperated when they heard of this insolent speech, which amounted to a "kanga" or curse, a form of insult which, according to the Maori code of honor, blood alone could atone for. But as Rerewaka was the head of a community numbering three or four thousand persons, and residing at a distance of more than a hundred miles from Kapiti, Rauparaha was forced to put a restraint upon his feelings, and to defer for some time the prosecution of his project of revenge. He resolved to wait till he was able to procure from the Sydney trading vessels which frequented the harbour of Port Nicholson a sufficient quantity of firearms and ammunition to equip his whole force; and then with such superior weapons he might attack the southern natives without the slightest risk of defeat, as they could only oppose him with the ancient weapons of the country. When his plans were matured, Rauparaha embarked at Kapiti a picked force of seven hundred men in several war canoes, and sailed for Kaikoura. He timed his movements so as to arrive off the Pah at Omihi, near the Amuri Bluff, about dawn. He anchored just outside the surf, and watched from there the effect of his arrival. He soon saw that he had nothing to fear from the inhabitants of the place, whose conduct as soon as they discerned the presence of the canoes, proved that they were quite in the dark as to the character of the persons who manned them. There was much running to and fro on shore, and apparent consultation, which ended in a general movement towards the beach, which was soon crowded with men, women, and children who raised the cry of welcome "Haeremai!" under the mistaken notion that the new arrivals were the friends whom they were expecting from Napier. Rauparaha gave orders to lift the anchors and run the canoes ashore; this was immediately done, and part of his force proceeded at once to the Pah, which they no sooner got possession of than a general slaughter of the inhabitants commenced. Totally unprepared without arms of any sort in their hands, the inhabitants of Omihi could offer no resistance

to the invaders. The beach was soon strewn with the dying and the dead, and Rerewaka himself was killed before he knew that an enemy was near. Hundreds were killed on the spot, and hundreds more were carried away to be killed at Kapiti, or to be kept as slaves.

After resting ten days, Rauparaha sent back two-thirds of his force to Kapiti in charge of the captives, and with a hundred men he sailed as far south as the mouth of the Waipara river, where he landed and drew his canoes up on the beach out of reach of the tide. He then marched along the coast to Kaiapoi, and pitched his camp a few hundred yards to the south west of the Pah.

Shortly after his arrival, Tamaiharanui, the principal Chief and High Priest of Ngai Tahu, accompanied by a Ngapuhi native named Hakitara, visited Rauparaha for the purpose of ascertaining the object of his coming, and to negotiate terms of peace. During the interview Rauparaha stood up and recited a "tau" or war song. Hakitara, who understood the full import of it, advised Tamaiharanui to retire at once to his own Pah, as mischief was brewing, proposing that he himself should remain to get more information. This he sought to obtain from the slaves who were likely to prove more communicative than their masters. In the course of conversation with some of them, he learnt that a party of the northern visitors had that very day found a newly-made grave at Tuahiwi (S. Stephen's), which they opened, and from which they removed the body of a woman, which they carried to a stream at Woodend, where they cleaned it, and afterwards cooked and ate it. The body proved to be that of Te Ruaki, an aunt of Tamaiharanui, and its treatment by the northern warriors left no doubt on the minds of the Kaiapoi natives that their own destruction would be attempted whenever a favourable opportunity occurred.



Te Rangihaeata a nephew of Te Rauparaha.

The arrival of fugitives from Omihi, who horrified them with the details of the slaughter of its inhabitants, increased their suspicions of foul play. But Rauparaha kept assuring them that he was actuated by the most friendly feelings towards them; and to inspire them with confidence in his assurances, he, with reckless imprudence, allowed his nearest relatives and most distinguished Chiefs to enter the fortress whenever they chose to do so, where they carried on a brisk trade in greenstone, for which they gave firearms and ammunition in exchange. Hoping to disengage Hakitara from the Ngai Tahu, and to attach him to himself, Rauparaha presented him with one of the best-looking of his female captives, Te Aka by name. Shortly afterwards it happened that a council of war was held just outside the hut occupied by Hakitara, who overheard Rauparaha and Te Rangihaeata saying to each other, "Soon we shall have our Pah." Suddenly a voice exclaimed, "Beware of the Nga Puhi man." "Oh he is fast asleep," was the reply. The chiefs then proceeded with their deliberations, and having decided what to do, they separated. Just before dawn Hakitara put on a dog-skin mat which he found lying near him, and went out, and succeeded in passing through the camp without being challenged. As soon as he got clear of the sentries, he ran with all speed to the Pah, and on reaching the gate he called to the keeper to open it and let him in. He was recognised, and at once admitted. Turning to the person in charge of the guard, he directed him to summon all the chiefs without delay to meet him in the adjoining house, as he had a most important communication to make to them. A hurried meeting followed, at which he disclosed the treacherous intentions of the northern visitors. It was unanimously decided to break the truce concluded with them the day before, and to be the first to strike a blow. The most celebrated of Rauparaha's friends were already within the Pah driving bargains, and it was thought not at all improbable that the great Chief himself might be induced to enter.

A crowd of men, women, and children were sitting in the "Marae" or open space opposite the Hiaka-rere gate when Te Pehi, Rauparaha's favourite friend and most powerful ally, and a renowned warrior, a man of such enterprise that he had braved the perils of a voyage to England in search of firearms, came forth from Koroua's house dragging by a rope a block of greenstone called Kaoreore, intending to take it out by the gate to his camp. But as he passed the group of on-lookers who were watching his movements, one of them named Moi Moi stood up and called out in a loud voice, "Leave my greenstone! Leave my greenstone!"

Te Pehi, who was now within four or five paces of the gate, turned and faced the speaker, and in the most contemptuous terms derided him for daring to question the actions of one so much his superior "Badly tattooed; badly tattooed, he cried, "what use would your ugly¹ head be to me if I were to carry it with me to Kapiti, it would be worth nothing towards the purchase of a musket." "But here is a man," turning towards Te Panihi who stood near him with a well tattooed face; his head would be worth having; but you with a valueless head, how dare you call in question the doings of Pehi-tu-a-te-rangi!" While this altercation was proceeding, Rongotara, a Kaiapoi Chief noticed that Pokaitara, a famous northern warrior was standing outside the gate, evidently seeking admission. He knew that his own brother, who was taken prisoner at Omihi, had been allotted to this particular Chief. Approaching close to the gate Rongotara invited him to come in, saying, "Welcome, my younger brother's Lord!" and begged Te Hapa the gate-keeper to admit him. "Open the gate for my brother Lord," he said, and as he did so Pokaitara stooped to enter, but no sooner

¹ Preserved human heads were saleable at that time to Europeans as curiosities.

was his head and neck past the portal than Rongotara who was carrying a miti or stone club on his shoulder brought it down with all his force on the bent neck of the northern Chief, and with one blow crushed in the base of his skull and killed him. Te Pehi, seeing what had happened, left the greenstone and sprang towards the south-western angle of the wall, and tried to scramble over the fence. Several shots were fired at him without effect; and he would probably have succeeded in making good his escape, but for Tangatahara, a man of great bodily strength, and a courageous warrior who grappled with him and succeeded in dispatching him with a hatchet. The report of firearms alarmed the rest of the northern Chiefs who were at the other end of the Pah, and who at once rushed towards the walls, hoping to scale them and escape to their camp. Te Aratangata, who had gone to the extreme end of the Pah to try and secure the Pounamu, called Teruahiki-hiki, ran towards the gate Huirapa. He was a very tall and powerfully-built man, and brave as a lion. He was attacked by fully twenty persons armed with a variety of weapons; but with nothing but his greenstone mere Te Kaoreore, he defended himself with such success, that he was not only able to keep them at bay for some minutes, but to lessen materially the distance between himself and the gate through which he hoped to force his way. Te Pa's shot was the first wound he received, but it did not touch a vital part; then three spears were plunged into his body, still he continued to run forward, the spears trailing along the ground; a shot then struck his mere and broke it, leaving only the stump in his hand. He was now practically defenceless, and his movements were hampered by the spears firmly fixed in the fleshy parts of his body. Emboldened by his helpless condition, his assailants closed upon him, and one named Te Koreke sprang upon his back and threw him forward on his face, when Tuwhakarawa struck him several blows on the head and neck with a tomahawk, and killed him outright. Te Kohi was despatched by Manahi Iri with a hatchet, and the rest were

either shot or tomahawked. In all eight northern Chiefs were killed, namely:– Te Pehi, Te Pokaitara, Te Rangikatuta, Te Ruatahi, Te Hua Piko Te Aratangata, Te Kohi, and Te Kohua. They were all tried friends and companions in arms of Te Rauparaha, who had accompanied him in all his wars, and contributed largely by their courage and ability to his past victorious career. The destruction of so many of his friends was a terrible blow to him. Rauparaha never imagined that the Kaiapoi people would dare to take the initiative, and provoke his vengeance by killing his friends and relations, and the unexpected turn of events took him completely by surprise. Only one course remained open to him, and that was to retreat with all possible speed. He accordingly broke up his camp and marched off to the mouth of the Waipara river near Double Corner, where he had left his canoes, and from there he sailed the next day for Kapiti.

CHAPTER IV.

TWO years passed without the Kaiapoi people hearing anything further about Te Rauparaha, and they were beginning to flatter themselves that he would never return to trouble them again, when they were rudely awakened from their false security in a way they least expected.

Towards the close of 1830 an English brig, commanded by Captain Stewart, entered Akaroa Harbour for the avowed purpose of purchasing flax fibre for the Sydney market. The first Maoris who approached the vessel were told that no Maoris would be allowed on board till their Chief Tamaiharanui had conferred with the Captain. The Chief was absent at the time, and a messenger was immediately dispatched to Little River to fetch him; but as he was busy preparing a cargo of flax for one of his Sydney customers, he did not comply with the first summons, and it was not till the eighth day that he came alongside the brig, accompanied by his

wife and their little daughter Ngaroimata (tear-drops). He was cordially welcomed by the Captain, who took him below to the cabin, under the guise of hospitality; he was barely seated before a cabin door opened, and Te Rauparaha and Rangihaeata, accompanied by several other Kapiti Chiefs, entered. They at once seized and bound Tamaiharanui, taunting him all the while with his simplicity in falling so readily into the trap prepared for him. After the seizure of the Chief the Maoris, who till then had not been allowed to come near the ship, were invited to come on board, and under one pretext or another were induced to go below, where Rauparaha and one hundred and seventy of his warriors were secreted. Canoe loads of people continued to come on board for many hours, there being no suspicion of foul play, owing to its being the practice of the people when trading with vessels visiting the port to remain on board for hours together. On the dawn of the second day after Tamaiharanui's capture, Te Rauparaha attacked his Pah at Takapuneke. The place was unfortified and undefended; and after killing a hundred of the inhabitants, he carried the rest, numbering fifty, away with him as prisoners. The following day the brig sailed for Kapiti. During the voyage Tamaiharanui smothered his little daughter, appropriately named tear-drops, with his mat as she slept beside him one night, lest she should ever become the wife of one of his enemies. His captors were very much enraged with him for doing what he did, and fearing he might commit suicide and escape the punishment in store for him, they bound his hands and fastened him securely to a ringbolt in the hold. His vindictive foes watched with cruel satisfaction the suffering their precautionary measures occasioned their prisoner. On reaching the island stronghold of Kapiti, Tamaiharanui was handed over to the widow of Te Pehi, who put him to death by slow and nameless tortures. Base as the means adopted for his capture were, and cruel as his fate was, it is impossible to feel much pity for Tamaiharanui. His punishment was hardly more than he deserved. The treatment

he received at the hands of the Ngatitoa was little more than a repetition of the cruelties which he had himself inflicted on members of his own tribe.

To persons unacquainted with the social customs of the Maori before European civilization obliterated the distinction which prevailed between the noble and the plebian, and upset all social order, and reduced the entire race to one dead level of social inferiority in the presence of the Pakeha, it may appear strange to be told that the Maoris were far more ceremonious in their social intercourse with each other, and more attentive to etiquette than Europeans generally are. But the Maoris have long given up the polite courtesies which distinguished their intercourse with each other, and the respectful demeanour which their ancient customs required them to manifest towards their superiors, for the graceless familiarity of intercourse introduced by the white man. It may be that the Maoris carried their punctiliousness to excess, and that too great deference was paid to Chiefs of the highest rank; but that only makes their present mannerlessness the more apparent. The behaviour of the Kaiapoi people to Tamaiharanui who was the *Upoko Ariki*, Chief Priest and heir of the ancestral honours of Ngaiterangiamoa, the noblest family of Ngai Tahu illustrates the relation which existed between a Chief and his people, and the way in which respect for his person was shewn. As the hereditary spiritual head of the tribe, he was regarded with peculiar reverence and awe. The common people did not even dare to look upon his face, and his equals felt his sacred presence an oppressive restriction upon their liberty of action, for even an accidental breach of etiquette while holding intercourse with him, might involve them in serious loss of property, if not of life. His visits were always dreaded, and his movements, whenever he entered a Pah, were watched with great anxiety by the inhabitants: for if his shadow happened to fall upon a whata or a rua (storehouses for food) while he was

passing through the crowded lanes of a town, it was immediately destroyed with all its contents, because it would be an impardonable insult for a commoner to eat food upon which the sacred shadow of an Ariki noble had fallen. There was little in Tamaiharanui's personal appearance to mark his aristocratic lineage. His figure was short and thick set, his complexion dark and his features rather forbidding. Unlike most Maori Chiefs of exalted rank, he was *cowardly*, cruel, and capricious, an object of dread to friends and foes like; and however much his people may have mourned the manner of his death, they could not fail to experience a sense of relief when he was gone. After the shock caused by the startling news of Rauparaha's raid on Akaroa, the Kaiapoi community soon resumed their ordinary occupations.

Every morning shortly after dawn, a stream of persons of all ages might have been seen issuing from the gates, and wending their way along the narrow paths which led to the Kumera and other plantations, which were spread over the district on the sheltered side of the forest which stretched from Woodend to Rangiora. By ten o'clock the women had cooked in the fields the first meal of the day; the smoke of their cooking fires, as it ascended in the still morning air, being the signal to all who wanted a meal to make for the spot. While the strong and able-bodied were occupying themselves in the fields, the old people remained in and about the Pah; the women engaged in weaving mats or baskets, or tidying up their premises, and the men seated singly or in groups, occupied themselves with carving wood or rubbing shapeless pieces of greenstone into meres, axes, or ear ornaments. The Chiefs of highest rank selected a neighbouring sandhill, which was called after their names, and known as So-and-So's "look out," where they sat and worked in their solitary grandeur. The boys and girls romped and played in the open spaces round the buildings, after the manner of children all the world over. In imitation of their elders, the

boys often engaged in mimic warfare using toy spears and other weapons; and in later times employing occasionally in their encounters with each other Korari sticks, to represent firearms. Having scooped a hole in the part of the stick representing the stock end of the barrel, they filled it with fine wood ash; and when they discharged their imitation guns, they blew the light dust out of the hole to represent powder smoke, and at the same time made a sound to imitate the report of the gun. One boy who lived to sit as representative of the South Island in the General Assembly of New Zealand, in one of these encounters, was seen by his eldest sister to enter a house where a tempting pile of soft wood ash lay upon the hearth just suited for his purpose, forgetting in the excitement of the moment, the wickedness of the act² according to the notions of his people, he sacrilegiously appropriated the ashes and charged his gun with them; but he had hardly fired it before his sister seized him and forced some detestable filth into his mouth, not so much to punish him for the offence as to ensure his cleansing his mouth from every vestige of the sacred ash, which if left anywhere about him would probably have caused his death; and partly to impress upon his youthful mind the enormity of the offence of which he had been guilty, and so prevent his ever repeating it. But it must not be supposed that the children had nothing else to do but to play, and were allowed to grow up in unbridled liberty and ignorance. All boys of Rangatira rank were obliged to attend the classes taught during the winter months in the Wharekura, by persons learned in History, Mythology, and the various branches of knowledge possessed by the Maoris. Though the time spent under instruction was short, the lessons were difficult, and the discipline severe. The following

² The fire inside the dwelling-house was sacred, and only used to create light and warmth. Fires for common use were lighted outside the dwellings.

reminiscence of a Maori school-boy's experience, communicated to the writer by one of the last to receive instruction in the old-fashioned way, will give some idea of what an ardent seeker after knowledge had to face in olden times in his efforts to acquire it. The disorganisation caused by Rauparaha's raids interfered to such an extent with the regular routine of Pah life, that the usual classes for instruction were discontinued for a while; and the narrator of the following story, who was then about fourteen years of age, seeing no immediate chance of the instruction classes being resumed, and dreading the thought of growing up in ignorance, begged his father who was a very learned man, to impart to him the knowledge he thirsted for. His father, however, turned a deaf ear to his entreaties, telling him that the "old fashion" was evidently about to pass away, that the Pakeha would soon dominate the land, and then the "Maori-scholar's sacred back would be defiled by having to carry burdens for him." The Atuas would resent the desecration of their consecrated servant, and put him to death; and as he did not wish to have any hand in shortening his own child's life, he would not consent to initiate him. The boy cried and pleaded so hard and so perseveringly for the gratification of his cherished wish, that one old Chief, who was a sort of Maori college don named Taiarorua, took pity upon and agreed to become his instructor. But before doing so, he subjected him to very disagreeable treatment to test the sincerity of his protested love of learning. The old Tohunga took him first to a certain spot in the river-bed of the Selwyn. On the way there, he wrapped up something very filthy and disgusting in a cabbage leaf, which he told his pupil to place on his head. On reaching the river they both sat down in a part where the stream was flowing rapidly, and the Tohunga began to repeat various incantations, pouring water all the time with the palm of his hand over the neophyte's head, who was directed while this was going on to eat the contents of the cabbage leaf; but this he revolted from doing, and after

touching his teeth with it dropped it into the stream. He was told that the object of the lustration was that his ears might be opened to the instruction he was about to receive. This preliminary ceremony being over, they adjourned to the whare Purakaunui³ or schoolroom, where the classes met during term time. When the pupils assembled at the usual hour the Tohunga told them to disperse that evening, as he was busy initiating a new pupil. After they had all gone he resumed the initiatory ceremonies. The lad was sent to collect a few wild cabbage leaves, which he was directed to give to his mother to cook in a sacred oven. When it was prepared the old men formed a circle on the sacred ground near the Atuas Shrine, into the centre of which the boy was led. The food was brought into the circle, and one of the old men fed the boy, while his instructor repeated incantations over him; this concluded, the lad was free to attend the classes in the Wharekura.⁴

Occasionally there would be a tremendous uproar in the Pah, owing to some gossip while retailing the tittle-tattle of her set to a select circle of her friends, letting out that Mrs. Somebody had said that Mrs. Somebody else need not assume such "airs" when it was well known that the body of her great grandfather had served to furnish her own great grandfather with a very good meal. As soon as the candid friend who always officiated on such occasions had imparted to the disparaged lady the spiteful remarks of her jealous rivals, with shrieks and screams she immediately sought the presence of her traducer, at whom she raved in unmeasured terms, flinging back the aspersion cast upon her lineage, by asserting that her family had eaten far

³ So called because used as an armoury.

⁴ Same building sometimes called the Red House because painted that colour.

more members of the families of those who set themselves up as her equals, and defied them to disprove her assertion. Working herself into a perfect frenzy she would throw off all her clothes, and rush about waving her arms like a maniac. Around her would gather every soul within hearing, the women all talking, and shouting, and screaming together, all giving their opinions at once, and contradicting one another. The men squatted round, watching the proceedings with great amusement, occasionally interjecting a sarcastic remark upon the personal defects of their lady friends which only added fuel to the fire, and increased the confusion of a scene which could only be compared to Bedlam let loose.

The "Artful Dodger" was not unknown in the native community, by whom he was called the grandson of Whanoke. The following is one of the many stories which are told about the clever devices he resorted to in order to gain his dishonest ends. Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Rangiora there was a sort of military storehouse, where provisions were kept for the use of warriors who might be suddenly called upon to go out on the war-path. Amongst other things was a large case of potted wood-fowl; Whanoke coveted the delicious contents of the case, but the difficulty was to get rid of the persons placed in charge of it. A happy thought occurred to him one day which led to the accomplishment of his purpose. Rumours were abroad that a neighbouring tribe was meditating an attack, but no one thought that there was any immediate cause for alarm, till one day Whanoke rushed up to the keepers of the storehouse in great alarm, and informed them that he had just met a large war party who would be upon them in the course of a few minutes, and that their only chance of escaping immediate death was to seek the shelter of the nearest fortress. Scared by the statement so cunningly devised, the guardians of the storehouse ran away with all speed, leaving Whanoke to appropriate the contents of the whata at his leisure.

About this period the Kaiapoi people became acquainted for the first time with European food and clothing, through the Sydney traders, who visited Whangaraupo (Port Cooper) and other harbours on the coast, to barter with them for flax fibre. It soon became the ambition of every Maori of standing to secure something Pakeha; but owing to their ignorance of the nature of many of the things offered to them for sale, the selection which they made sometimes led to very amusing results. One Chief chose a case of what he understood contained the preserved fat of a large land animal—corresponding to the whale of the ocean—which was highly esteemed as an article of food by Europeans. On the occasion of a great feast, to which the whole Pah was invited, the case was brought out from the Whata with a great parade of hospitality by the owner, and opened amidst the plaudits of the guests who were all eager to taste the Pakeha food. The host explained that, like their own potted birds' flesh, this preserved meat required no cooking and was fit for immediate use. As the number of persons who wished to taste it was so great, the contents of the box were broken up into small pieces which were served out to the guests who commenced to munch them at once; but great was their surprise on finding the meat so difficult of mastication owing to the froth which accumulated in their mouths. Some, thinking themselves more knowing than the rest swallowed their portions without attempting to chew them, but the after effects did not encourage them to add soap to their dietary, and they continued to marvel how the white man contrived to swallow and keep down the fat of oxen, till further intercourse taught them the proper use to which soap was put.

Though the trade between the Pakehas and Maoris was on the whole fairly conducted, the temptation to take advantage of their ignorance sometimes proved too strong to resist, and a cask of sugar on being landed would sometimes be found to contain more sand than sugar. These traders were the pioneer

importers of animal and vegetable pests. The Norwegian rat, which they unwittingly introduced, soon overran the country, and supplanted the native rat which was a harmless creature, very like the field mouse of Europe. The vegetable pest was knowingly introduced with the intention of defrauding the Maoris, who having learnt that tobacco was made from the leaf of a plant, became very desirous to secure some seed, and the traders promised to procure it for them, provided they were well paid for their trouble. But as no tobacco plants grew in Australia something else had to be substituted, and docks being plentiful a supply of the seed of that plant was collected and brought to

New Zealand, where the Maoris paid a high price for it, and cultivated it with the greatest care, under the impression that it was the "fragrant weed" they had learnt to love.

The Kaiapoi people knew nothing at this time about any animals but dogs and native rats, never having seen or heard of the Captain Cook variety of porker, which up to that time had not appeared in the country districts, where it afterwards became so numerous. From those who boarded the trading vessels they heard a good deal about some strange animals—altogether unlike the only quadrupeds they were familiar with. Great was the excitement in the Pah caused by the news that two of these strange creatures were about to arrive, having been purchased by an enterprising Chief, belonging to the place. On the day they were to reach the Pah all business was stopped, and the oldest and gravest persons in the community were as excited and agitated as the youngest. The whole population went outside and waited by the road along which they understood that the pigs were to come. Many hours passed, and the younger people kept running backwards and forwards along the road leading to the Waimakariri to try and get tidings of the approaching strangers. The patience of the crowd was well nigh exhausted when loud shouts were heard in the distance, and the

news was soon passed along that Hinewaitutu and Tahututua, the names bestowed by the owner on his new purchases, had arrived. Immediately the cry arose, "Come! Come! Come! And see these strange creatures. There was a general rush to the spot, and the narrow path was soon completely blocked. The exclamations of wonder and astonishment which those who first caught sight of the pigs gave vent to, served to heighten the curiosity of less fortunate persons in the rear, who craned their necks and pressed with all their might to catch a glimpse of what was causing those who enjoyed a better view so much wonder. As the pigs came waddling along from side to side, jerking at every stride the string by which their drivers held them, the crowd made way, and formed an admiring circle round them. The old people gazed wonderingly upon them, and expressed in warm terms their feeling of satisfaction at having seen what former generations had never seen. The excitement was intense, and the noise caused by everyone shouting their comments at the same time, deafening. All were remarking upon the appearance of the strange creatures, drawing attention to the curious shape of their snouts and ears and tails and feet, when the pigs began to grunt, "Silence, silence," roared the immediate bystanders. "Silence, that we may listen to the voice of the pig." The silence was of very short duration, for no sooner did the crowd hear the grunting than there rose from their lips the simultaneous exclamation, "Ananah! Ananah! verily the voice and language of the pig are as strange as its appearance."

CHAPTER V.

THE interest awakened by the newly developed trade with white people, kept the minds of the Kaiapoi Maoris occupied, and by diverting their thoughts from the danger of invasion lulled them into a state of a false security. The difficulty of transporting a sufficient body of men from Kapiti to make victory secure, would, they hoped, prevent the northern natives from attacking them in force. They had yet to learn what tough stuff their enemy was made of, and what seemingly impossible things his unconquerable energy and implacable spirit would drive him to do. Unsatiated by the revenge he had taken on Tamaiharanui, Rauparaha vowed to destroy Kaiapoi, and to mingle the blood of its inhabitants with the blood so dear to him spilt within its walls. The execution of the scheme for its destruction was hastened by a mata or prophecy uttered by a seer at Kapiti named Kukurarangi, who foretold the success of his plans in words to the following effect:—

He aha te hau
He uru, He tonga
He parera Kai waho E.
Nau mai ra e Raha
Kia kite koe i te
Ahi i Papa-Kura ki
Kaiapohia

*What is the wind?
It is north-west, it is south
It is east in the offing, oh!
Come then, O Raha! ⁵
That you may see the fire
On the crimson flat of Kaiapohia*

Ma te ihu waka
Ma te kakau hoe
A ka taupoki
Te riu o te waka
A Maui ki raro
Tuki tukia nopenopea Ha!
Ha Taku pokai tara puka
E tu ki te muri wai
Ki Wai para ra i ia
Ka whaka pae te riri ki tua

*By the prow of the canoe
By the handle of the paddle
The hold of the canoe of Mani
May be overturned to cover it.
Then pound, pound the sea!
And stir it with your paddles
Behold my flock of curlews
Hovering over the backwater
Of that Waipara there
The fight will be on the other side*

Awhitia kia piri kia tata
Ka tara te ri kohi ti

*Embrace it, get closer and closer
Fierce will rage the fight.*

⁵ Contraction for Rauparaha.

About a year after his raid on Akaroa, Rauparaha embarked in a fleet of war canoes, a force of six hundred warriors, selected from Ngatitōa, Ngati Raukawa and Ngati āwa. As soon as his fleet were observed off the coast of the South Island, messengers were dispatched to warn the inhabitants of Kaiapoi of his approach, but the warning only reached them a short time in advance of the enemy. The news quite unnerved the people who were totally unprepared. In their perplexity they resolved to consult the guardian deity of their tribe, Kahukura. This divinity was classed among the beneficent Maori Atuas. His cultus was introduced by the crew of Takitimu, who were the ancestors of the Kaiapohians. The staff used for divination purposes was about eighteen inches in length; the upper third representing an elaborately tattooed face and body, the lower end was quite round and smooth. The image was kept in a carved wooden box, in the centre of a clump of flax bushes, called the "pae" or resting place of the Atua, and the box was further concealed from observation by a covering of dry grass. This sacred place was about half an acre in extent, and was situated close to the cemetery which now adjoins S. Stephen's Church.

A hurried summons brought representatives from the outlying villages and food stations to take part in the ceremony of "Toro," and Patuki, a fine tall man in the prime of life, was chosen to "patai" or question the divinity. The morning chosen for the ceremony seemed propitious. The sun rose with resplendent glory as the procession headed by Patuki, who was stark naked, issued from the gate of the Pah, followed by the old Tohungas or priests, his equals, whose only covering was a narrow waist-band. Behind them came the rest of the inhabitants, men, women, and children. They moved slowly along and silently till they reached the "pae" at Tuahiwi (S. Stephen's). Having removed the image from the box, Patuki squatted on his heels on the ground, the other Tohungas sitting

in like manner in a semicircle behind him; and the general public behind them again. The first part of the ceremony consisted in drawing a leaf of tussock grass from any plant growing near where the Tohunga sat; if it broke, that was a bad omen, and they would not proceed any further, and would defer the consultation. If it came up by the root bringing the earth with it, that was a good omen; and the Tohunga proceeded to bind the Atua with a mystic knot, made by passing the grass leaf with the left hand over the thumb nail of the right hand (because "e taha mau i tia ana te hono te Atua"); on forming the knot the projecting part of the grass leaf was pulled tight, and if it broke it was regarded as a bad omen, and the consultation deferred. Three loops were made in the manner described, incantations being repeated all the time by the questioner and an assistant Tohunga. Patuki having successfully made the knots which were to bind Kahukura to the image for a sufficient time to secure an answer, proceeded to dandle the image in his hand, continuing all the time to repeat the necessary invocations to the Atua to enter the image and reveal his presence. When the proper moment arrived the Tohunga said to the Atua, "Kai te haere mai tera pia au ki te patu i tenei pia au"—"That people of yours is coming to kill this people of yours." Three times he repeated these words in a loud voice, swaying about and gradually working himself into a state of frenzy. After the third repetition of the words, the whole assembly present took them up, and in loud and frantic tones implored the Atua to reveal his presence. The Tohungas, swaying their bodies about, contracted their stomachs with a sudden movement, to quicken the expulsion of the air from their lungs, and add to the shrillness and violence of their cries. At length the image gave evidence that the Atua had entered it, being seen to rear itself up and sway from side to side. The presence of attendant spirits of inferior order was at the same time manifested by the suppressed shrieks uttered by the surrounding Tohungas, into whose bodies the spirits, had

entered; the sounds emitted by them resembling the cries uttered by a startled girl. The excitement now became intense, and the whole crowd of worshippers cried aloud to the God "*That 'pia' of yours is coming to kill this 'pia' of yours,*" and besought him to indicate in some way what the result would be. The image reared up, and then fell forward and struck the ground again and again, once, twice, thrice (after the manner of Punch in the popular show of that name). Again the people raised their voices and cried aloud, "*This 'pia' of yours is going to kill that 'pia' of yours.*" The image reared itself up against Patuki's shoulder; and while they continued to repeat the question, the image fell forward and rapped the ground. At that moment one of the Tohungas squatting behind Patuki, struck him a smart blow on the back of the head, with the palm of his hand; that being the recognised method of closing the ceremony of consulting the Atua. Instantly the image became perfectly still, for the Atua went out of it, followed by his attendant spirits, who up to that moment had possessed the bodies of the Tohungas conducting the enquiry. The reason why the consultation was so abruptly terminated was to secure a favourable omen. The image striking the earth was an intimation that there would be one defeat, and that defeat, those who were consulting the oracle interpreted to mean, would befall the northern forces. After the close of the ceremony the image was replaced in its box, amongst the flax bushes, and most of the people returned to the Pah. A few hours afterwards Rauparaha's men were scouring the country and putting all stragglers to death.

On reaching Double Corner, Rauparaha landed and drew up his war canoes above high water mark; he then marched quickly on to Kaiapoi, hoping to surprise the place; but in this he failed, as news of his approach had reached the inhabitants; nevertheless, if he had assaulted the Pah whenever he arrived, he could easily have taken it, as most of the young and able-

bodied men were absent, having gone as far as Port Cooper to escort Taiaroa, who purposed embarking there in his canoes for Otakou; the rest of the inhabitants were scattered over the country attending to their cultivations. It was the report of firearms, coupled with the warning cries of those outside the fortifications, who had caught sight of the approaching enemy, which warned the occupants of the Pah, who were mostly old men, boys, and women, of their danger. They immediately closed the gates, and made a brave show of defence along the walls. Fortunately some of those outside the fortress succeeded in reaching Port Cooper in time to stop Taiaroa, who consented to return and relieve the besieged. Having got all the available assistance he could from the Peninsula natives, he marched along the coast to the Waimakariri, which he crossed near the mouth on mokis or rafts made of dry flax stalks. But fearing his relieving party might be discovered by the enemy if they approached any closer by daylight, he concealed his men in the scrub on the river bank till it was quite dark, when they continued their march along the beach till they got opposite to Kaiapoi, and then they turned inland. But as they approached the Pah they noticed the enemy's watch fires, and men standing and sitting around them, and they saw at a glance, that to attempt to enter the place on the land side, would be useless, as the whole of the ground on that side of the Pah was occupied by the enemy in force. The only chance of getting in was by wading through the lagoon; but there too they saw sentries posted every few yards on the sand ridges bounding its margin, and how to pass them without detection was a puzzle. Te Ata o Tu was carrying his infant son on his back, and as he drew nearer to the sentries his companions whispered to him to strangle the infant rather than run the risk of its foiling their efforts to escape the notice of the enemy, but his parental instincts were too strong. It was his only child, and a boy, and he could not kill it, but to smother its cries in the event of its waking at a critical moment, he rolled it up in a thick mat, and

tied it securely across his shoulders, and in that way carried the little thing safely through all the dangers of that terrible night; but it was only spared to meet its death in the waters of the lagoon a few months afterwards, when its mother vainly tried to escape from the fallen Pah. Fortunately for Taiaroa's men a strong nor'-west wind was blowing—which waved the tall tussock grass and sedge which covered all the ground about them violently backwards and forwards, the constant wavy motion concealing from the sentries the bodies of the men who were creeping along under cover of the vegetation. Whenever the wind lulled, the relief party kept perfectly still, not daring to move, and disposed to hold their breath for fear of detection by the sentries, who stood talking within a few feet of their foes, of whose presence they were quite unconscious, but who were yet near enough to hear distinctly all that they said to one another. The whole party having reached at last the margin of the lagoon, they rose to their feet and plunged into the water shouting "Taiaroa! to the rescue," and warning their friends not to fire upon them. For a moment the besieged thought it was a stratagem of the enemy, and poured volley after volley amongst them, but as they were all struggling up to their necks in water and mud no harm was done, the bullets flying over their heads. As they drew nearer their voices were recognized, and a warm welcome accorded to them. And now the besieged took heart, and prepared not only for defence but for carrying on offensive operations against the enemy. Whakauira was appointed to take charge of the gate Kaitangata, and to head all the sorties made from it; while Weka held the same charge at Hiakarere. Other parts of the defences were assigned to other chiefs, and night guards were appointed.

Just outside the Kaitangata gate stood a watch-tower, from which the besieged could look into the enemy's camp. It was built like a whata, on a tall upright post, and the walls were composed of slabs of wood which had been tested and proved

to be bullet proof. Small holes were pierced on three sides to enable the lookout to take observations. This watch-tower proved of great service in guarding the besieged from sudden attacks, all the enemy's movement's being visible from it.

During the early part of the siege Taiaroa performed a bold deed, which deserved to achieve greater success than it did. Taking advantage of a dark stormy night he sallied forth with a few companions, and made for the spot near the mouth of the Ashley, where Rauparaha's fleet, consisting of nearly thirty canoes, had lately been brought and drawn up, with the intention of destroying them; but having only small, light hatchets they found the task which they had undertaken beyond their power, and had to content themselves with hacking the cordage which fastened the cross ties, and seats, and side boards, and so rendering them unseaworthy till repaired. But the soaking rain defeated all their efforts to burn the canoes, and so the brave fellows had to return without effecting anything commensurate with the risk they had run.

Three months passed and still the siege continued. Rauparaha then adopted different tactics, which were probably suggested by the words of the Seer's song:—"Embrace it, clasp it tightly;" and he commenced to sap up to the walls and opened three trenches parallel to one another. He lost a great many men at first owing to their being exposed to a continuous fire from the Pah, but by covering the trenches and carrying them forward in a zig-zag direction he got at last within a few feet of the wall.

It was during the progress of this approach that Te Ata o Tu—known to the colonists as "Old Jacob," and much respected by them for his sterling qualities—increased his reputation for courage by his successful encounter with Pehi Tahau, one of the northern warriors. The narrative of the encounter is best told in Hakopa's own words.—"Towards the close of the siege, after standing sentry at the foot of the watch-tower all one stormy

night, during which heavy showers of rain had fallen, and being very wet and very sleepy, I was dosing with my head resting upon my hands, which were supported by the barrel of my gun, when I was roused by a hand on my shoulder, and a voice whispering in my ear, 'Are you asleep?' I confessed I was, and asked if anything was the matter. My questioner, who was one of our bravest leaders, said 'yes, the enemy have planned an attack, and I wish a sortie to be made at once to repel it, will you take command?' I readily consented on condition that I should choose my own men. He agreed; and I picked out six of the bravest men I knew, and got them to the gate without arousing the rest of our people. I told my men to wait while I and another reconnoitred. We entered the sap and approached the shed where the attacking party, numbering about two hundred, were sleeping awaiting the dawn. They were lying all close together like herrings in a shoal. I motioned to my men to come on. Just at that moment one of them who had gone down another trench, called out, 'Let us go back, I have taken spoil, a club, a belt, and a cartouche box.' The result of this injudicious outcry was very different from what might have been anticipated. Startled by the sound of his voice, our sleeping foes sprang to their feet, and immediately bolted panic struck in the direction of their main camp. The coast was now quite clear for me, and emerging from the trench I proceeded cautiously in the direction taken by the runaways. I had not gone far before I noticed the figure of a man a short distance in front of me. He had nothing on but a small waist-mat, and was armed with a fowling piece; and walking beside him was a woman, who from the way he kept pushing her forward, seemed unwilling to accompany him. Happening to look round, he caught sight of me, and immediately cried out to his fleeing companions,

'Come back! Come back and catch this man, he is all alone.' But as no one did come back in answer to his appeal, and as I heard no answering call made, I felt confident that I had nothing

to fear at the moment from his comrades, who were not likely to come to his aid till it was quite light; and that if I could only close with, him, I might overcome him, and have the satisfaction of carrying his dead body back with me into the Pah. I determined therefore to try and force an encounter at close quarters, my only fear was that he might shoot me before I could grapple with him. I had only a tomahawk on a long handle, having left my own gun behind, because the charge in it was wet from the previous night's rain. The ground we were passing over was covered with large tufts of tussock grass, and I leapt from one to another to deaden the sound of my footsteps, squatting down whenever I saw the man turning round to look at me. I kept following him in this way for several hundred yards; fortunately he did not keep moving towards Rauparaha's camp, but in a different direction. By dint of great agility and caution I got within a few feet of him, when he turned suddenly round and pushed the woman between us, and instantly fired. It seemed to me at that moment as if I were looking down the barrel of his gun. I squatted as quickly as I could on the ground; fortunately there was a slight depression of the surface where I stood, and that saved my life. The flame of the charge set fire to my hair, and the ball grazed my scalp; for a moment I felt stunned, and thought I was mortally wounded. My opponent kept shouting for assistance which never came; for his panic-stricken companions I afterwards learnt, were at the very time up to their necks in water in an adjoining swamp, clinging in their terror to the niggerheads for support, their fears having magnified my little party of followers into an army. The shouts of my opponent recalled me to my senses, and recovering from the shock I had received, I made a second attempt to grapple with him, but without success; as before he slipped behind the woman again, and aimed his gun at me; I stooped, and the bullet flew over my shoulder. We were now on equal terms, and I had no longer to exercise such excessive caution in attacking him. I struck at him with my hatchet, he tried to parry the blow with

the butt end of his gun, but failed, and I buried my weapon in his neck near the collar bone, he fell forward at once, and I seized him by the legs and lifted him on to my shoulder, intending to carry him out of the reach of rescue by his own people. It was now quite light enough to see what was going on, and I could not expect to escape much longer the notice of the sentries guarding Rauparaha's camp. Just then, one of my companions, who had mustered sufficient courage to follow me, came up to where I was; and seeing signs of life in the body I was carrying, ran it through with his spear; and at the same time drew my attention to the movements of a party of the enemy; who were evidently trying to intercept our return to the Pah. Hampered by the weight of my prize, I could not get over the ground as quickly as our pursuers, but I was loathe to lose the opportunity of presenting to my superior officers such unmistakable evidence of my prowess as a warrior; and I struggled on with my burden till I saw it was hopeless to think of reaching the Pah with it, when I threw it on the ground, contenting myself with the waist-belt, gun, and ear ornaments of my conquered foe, and made the best of my way into the fortress, where I was received with shouts of welcome from the people, and very complimentary acknowledgements of my courage from my commanders.

I owed my life at the fall of Kaiapoi to that morning's encounter; for when I was lying bound hand and foot along with a crowd of other prisoners after the capture of the Pah, Rauparaha strolled amongst us enquiring whether the man who killed his Chief, Pehi Tahau, was amongst our number. On my being pointed out to him as the person he was in search of, instead of handing me over, as I fully expected he was going to do, to the relatives of my late foe, to be tortured and put to death by them, he addressed me in most complimentary terms, saying I was too brave a man to be put to death in the general massacre which was taking place; that I had fought fairly, and won the

victory; and that he meant to spare my life, and hoped that I would in time to come render him as a return for his clemency some good service on the battle-fields of the North Island."

Finding it hopeless to think of taking Kaiapoi by assault, in the ordinary way, Rauparaha conceived the idea of burning down the defences of the Pah on the land side. To effect this object, he ordered his men to collect the manuka bushes, which grew in profusion all about the neighbouring sandhills, and after tying them in small bundles, to stack them in a convenient place to dry. Having accumulated a quantity sufficient for his purpose, the next step was to place the dry brushwood against the wooden walls of the Pah. But this proved a more dangerous and difficult task than he had at first anticipated, and many of his men sacrificed their lives while attempting to carry out his directions. The bundles of Manuka were carried as far as they could be under cover of the trenches, and then thrown forward; and it was while in the act of throwing them, that the besiegers exposed themselves to the deadly fire of the defenders, who standing only a few feet away, were able to concentrate their aim upon the small space at the end of each trench, where the person hurling the manuka was obliged to stand. For awhile the besieged inhabitants succeeded in scattering every night the work done by their enemies at such a cost of life during the previous day. But the accumulation of dried manuka all about the front of the Pah, became so great at last that it was altogether beyond their power to disturb it, and the huge pile rose higher day by day till it filled the trench and rested far up the stockade wall. The miserable inhabitants now saw that their relentless enemy was gaining upon them, and knowing that if he once got rid of the protecting walls their lives would be at his mercy, they became greatly depressed, and many of the younger men began to discuss the advisability of escaping before the impending catastrophe happened. Taiaroa was the first to move, and under cover of darkness he withdrew the

contingent of Otakou men under his command, promising his desponding friends whom he left behind him, that he would try and create a diversion in their favour by attacking Rauparaha's camp from without, when an opportunity would be afforded them of getting rid of the cause of their immediate alarm; but this promise he was never able to fulfil. Every hour after he left the peril of the besieged increased, and the suspense became intolerable Southward rose the vast pile of bushwood to be set fire to by their enemies on the first favourable opportunity. At length the fatal day arrived; a nor'-wester sprung up, and blew with increasing violence for some hours. Everyone felt certain that it would be succeeded by a sou'-wester, as was then invariably the case, when the fate of the Pah would be sealed. There was just a chance that if the manuka were lit from the inside, the flames would be carried away from the Pah, and the menacing mass of inflammable material destroyed before it could do any serious harm. Pureko, one of the Chiefs in charge of the threatened portion of the defences, determined to run the risk; and seizing a fireband, thrust it into the heap. In a moment the flames shot high up into the air, flaring and waving in the wind. For a short time it seemed as if the experiment was going to prove successful; but all at once, with the rapidity which usually characterizes the change of wind from north to south on the Canterbury Plains, it veered round to the opposite point of the compass, and drove the fierce flames against the posts and palisades, which were soon ablaze and crashing to the ground. Blinding smoke enveloped the whole place, and the defenders were compelled to fall back from the wall to escape suffocation. Rauparaha and his men were on the alert, ready to take advantage of the turn affairs had taken; and before the inhabitants of the Pah could fully realize what had happened, the northern warriors were in the midst of them. The wildest confusion and disorder ensued. Pureko, who was the immediate agent in causing the disaster was first to fall, being disembowelled by a gunshot. The venerable Te Auta, the High

Priest of the tribe, whose long white hair and beard, and generally imposing appearance had rendered him for many years past an object of terror to the youth of the Pah, fell at the Tuahu, where with the image of Kahukura in his hands, he vainly besought the patron divinity of the tribe to help them in their hour of need. Many of the inhabitants made for the Huirapa gate, because the bridge which led from it gave access to the swamps covered with flax, nigger-heads, and raupo, under cover of which lay their only hope of escape. Others climbed over the fences, and plunging into the lagoon waded or swam to the friendly shelter of the bordering vegetation; the smoke, driven by the wind, over the surface of the water, screening them, while so engaged from the observation of the enemy. In this way probably two hundred succeeded in making good their escape by keeping in the swamps till they got well up the plains, when they worked their way towards Bank's Peninsula and other places inhabited by their friends. Shrieks and cries of despair rose within the Pah as the northern men struck down their aged victims, or seized and bound some trembling youth or maiden to be dispatched later on, or to be carried far away into captivity. When all were either killed, or securely bound, the conquerors adjourned to their camp, situated on the spot now known as Massacre Hill,⁶² on the North Road, where the captives were finally disposed of. Those devoted to the manes of the dead were fastened to poles, erected on the summit of the knoll, and bled to death, their bodies being

⁶ When the Rev. John Raven, one of the Canterbury pilgrims, took possession of the land in the neighbourhood of this knoll, the whole surface of the ground between it and the lagoon was strewn with human remains and weapons of all sorts. Mr. Raven caused the bones to be collected, and about two waggon-loads were buried by his orders in a pit at the base of the sandhill, which has since been almost levelled. The remains of the houses and fortifications of Kaiapoi were destroyed by the fires lit to clear the land for farming purposes.

afterwards removed to be cooked and eaten in accordance with the national custom, which required this indignity to be offered to the dead in order to complete the humiliation of the conquered.

The total population of the Kaiapoi Pah at the time of its capture, cannot have been far short of a thousand souls. Of these, a part made good their escape, a part perished, and a considerable number were carried off by the conquerors to Kapiti.

Among the captives was a handsome lad named Pura, (known to Lyttelton residents as Pitama) who took Rauparaha's fancy, and was led by him into his whare. To prevent his escaping during the night, the old Chief tied a stout cord round the boy's body and fastened the end of it to his own wrist. During the early part of the night Rauparaha was wakeful, and kept pulling the cord to assure himself that his prisoner was safe; but when sleep overpowered him the cord relaxed, and the boy who was watching all the time for an opportunity to escape, successfully disengaged himself from his bonds, and having fastened the check string to a peg which he found in the floor, he crept cautiously out of the hut. It was too dark for him to distinguish anything, and as he passed out he overthrew a pile of brushwood, which slipped down and completely covered him. Old Rauparaha roused by the noise sprang to his feet, and immediately discovered the trick which had been played upon him. He at once gave the alarm, and roused the whole camp. Suddenly awakened from profound sleep induced by weariness after the violent exertion and excitement of the previous day, and by the sense of security ensured by victory, the northern warriors were in just the condition to give way to panic, and it was well for them that the circumstance which caused the disturbance in their camp proved after all to be of such a trivial nature. With loud shouts and cries the men rushed hither and thither in wild confusion, some calling out that the prisoners

had escaped, others that the camp was being attacked by their friends, who were attempting to rescue them. Torches were lit and seen flashing in all directions, guns were fired, and the greatest commotion prevailed everywhere. All the time this uproar was going on, the cause of it was lying perfectly still under the fallen pile of brushwood, beside the commander-in-chief's hut. He knew that if discovered he would be immediately put to death, as it was an unpardonable offence for a prisoner to attempt to escape. Escape, however, at such a moment was impossible, and poor Pura lay in the greatest state of terror and alarm, expecting every moment that his hiding place would be found out. Fortunately for him that was not to be; and when the alarm subsided and stillness once more reigned around, he quietly extricated himself from his uncomfortable position, and groped his way out of the camp into the surrounding flax swamps, under cover of which he escaped; journeying southwards till he fell in with the main body of the fugitives, who were travelling on in the same direction till they reached a place of safety. He was more fortunate in this respect than a boy of eight years and a girl of five, who got separated from their friends on the march, and were not found for several months afterwards, when an eeling party came upon them in the river-bed of the Waikirikiri (Selwyn). These two children, known in after years as Charley Wi and Mrs. Wi Naihira, were told by their father to rest on the bank of the river while he went in search of food for them, but he never returned, having probably fallen into the hands of Rauparaha's men, who were scouring the country in all directions for fugitives. Left to shift for themselves, they managed to sustain life by eating raupo roots, and the tender shoots of the ti-palm, and the small fish which they caught in the shallows and under the stones. They found shelter from the weather under the large flax bushes which lined the river-bank, and by cuddling together under a heap of dry grass, which they had collected, they managed to keep themselves warm in spite

of their scanty clothing, which consisted of one short mat each, about the size of an ordinary door mat, and rather like one in appearance, though softer.

CHAPTER VI.

A FEW days after the capture of Kaiapoi, Rauparaha, having repaired the damage done to his canoes, embarked his army and the prisoners he meant to take with him, and sailed for Akaroa Harbour, with the intention of attacking the fortress of Onawe, and completing the destruction of Tamaiharanui's kinsmen. Finding on his arrival there that the Pah was strongly fortified, and likely to be bravely defended, and not relishing the idea of undertaking another prolonged seige he resorted to strategem. Accompanied by the most distinguished of the Kaiapoi prisoners, he approached the gate of Onawe, and began parleying with some of the defenders, whom he advised to surrender the Pah, and trust to his clemency, appealing to the presence of so many Kaiapoi prisoners as a proof that they might trust his promise to spare their lives. While this talking was going on, the gate was opened to admit some men returning from an unsuccessful skirmish. In the crowd gathered about the gate were some of Rauparaha's men, who, in obedience to secret instructions from him, had crept up unnoticed to where he stood, and succeeded in entering the Pah without being recognized. Once within the fortress, they commenced killing everyone about them, a panic ensued, and in a few minutes Onawe was taken.

Rauparaha having accomplished his object, gave his warriors permission to return to the north, and having received directions where to rendezvous on the coast, several war canoes

put to sea at once. The one commanded by Te Hiko,⁷ Chief of the Ngatiawa contingent, not being quite sea-worthy was beached for repairs at Okaruru (Gough's Bay). Amongst the prisoners Te Hiko had with him was Tangatahara, or "ugly man," so nick-named years before by a lady who resented his too persistent attentions to her. He was a renowned warrior, and the late commander of the fortress of Onawe. He was particularly obnoxious to Rauparaha owing to the fact that it was by his hand that the great Te Pehi fell at Kaiapoi. While Te Hiko was engaged repairing his canoe, a detachment of Rauparaha's body-guard who had been searching the neighbouring hills and forests for fugitives came upon the scene. They were accompanied by two women, near relations of the great Chief, and who on recognizing Tangatahara as the man with whom their family had a blood-feud, according to custom demanded his surrender, exclaiming "Light an oven, we must have a feast, here is our man!" Te Hiko resented this interference with his rights as captor of the noted prisoner, and refused to give him up, and to prevent his being molested placed a guard of his own men round him. At the same time he ordered a plentiful supply of food to be given to his superior officers' friends, hoping thereby to conciliate them, and to divert their thoughts from the man whom he had taken under his protection. The women of the party were not, however, easily appeased and drawn from their purpose. They persisted for a long time in pressing their demand; but finding Te Hiko firm in his refusal, they begged since they might not kill the Ngai Tahu man, to be allowed to strike his head with the kauru fibre they were chewing, and so degrade him by pretending to use his head as a relish for their kauru. This request was granted, whereupon the two women went up to the prisoner

⁷ He was the son of Te Pehi which made his treatment of Tangatahara all the more noteworthy.

who was seated on the ground in the midst of a group of Ngatiawa warriors, and struck him several times on the top of the head with the kauru, which they then proceeded to chew. Te Hiko was very much vexed by the disregard shown to his wishes by Rauparaha's relatives, and made up his mind there and then to release Tangatahara as soon as they were gone. Accordingly during the night he roused him, and told him he might escape, which he did very easily as the camp was situated on the edge of the forest, which then covered the greater part of Bank's Peninsula. His escape encouraged a female prisoner, who, under the charge of two women had been taken to the outskirts of the forest to collect firewood, to attempt flight. In order that those in charge of her might grow accustomed to losing sight of her person, she kept in front of them, and never picked up a stick unless it was lying in such a position behind a tree or shrub that in stooping to get it she got out of their sight; gradually she increased the distance between herself and her guardians, and reached the base of the cliff, on the western side of the Bay. Observing a strong woodbine hanging over the face of a steep rock she seized it, and drew herself up by it to the top, pulling the woodbine up after her to prevent her pursuers using it; she then scrambled away with all speed up the steep hill side, spurred on in her efforts to escape by the shrill cries of her mortified keepers, who were calling aloud upon the men to go in pursuit of her; but she succeeded in reaching the shelter of the dense forest where all trace of her whereabouts was lost, and after a time rejoined her friends in safety.

Before the northern fleet got finally clear of Bank's Peninsula, a considerable number of prisoners escaped, the chief person among them being Te Hori, known in after years as the highly respected native magistrate of Kaiapoi; the only man of acknowledged learning left amongst the Ngai Tahu, after Ruaparaha's last raid.

Fortunately for the Kaiapoi captives who were taken to Kapiti, Rauparaha on returning home, found himself involved in quarrels with some of the tribes on the mainland, whose territory he had appropriated, and this disposed him to treat his prisoners with more consideration than he might otherwise have done. Amongst others of them whom he employed in positions of trust, was Te Ata o Tu, the warrior who had attracted his favourable notice during the siege of Kaiapoi, by engaging in combat with one of his officers, and overcoming him. This man Rauparaha sent on one occasion with an important message to the Chiefs of Waikanae, and on the way there a circumstance occurred which tried his courage and ability to meet any emergency, almost as much as his encounter with Pehi Tahau in the outskirts of Kaiapoi had done. Accompanied by his little son, a boy of six years old (Simeon Pohata), he crossed in a canoe to the mainland and started to walk along the beach to Waikanae. When he had accomplished about a third of the journey, he heard a bull bellowing close by, and soon afterwards saw the animal trotting rapidly towards him. He realized at once the dangerous predicament he was in: for he had no doubt that the animal now approaching him was the same about which he had heard very alarming stories. It was once a village pet, but had taken to the bush, and ever since it had done so, it always chased any persons it came across, and it had already crippled a good many people. Te Ata's first thought was for the safety of his boy; but what could he do? An endless stretch of sandy beach lay before and behind him; to the right lay the open sea; to the left bare sandhills. To run away would only encourage the bull to quicken his pace, and hasten the approaching catastrophe. For a moment his case seemed hopeless, when he espied some slabs lying above high water mark at the foot of a sandhill. If he could only reach them in time, he might yet save his boy; taking him by the hand, he hurried to the spot, and set five or six of them on end against the sand hillock, and got behind them just as the bull came up.

The beast stood for a few moments bellowing and pawing the sand, and walked by sniffing at the planks. He did this several times, but the moment he caught sight of the man crouching behind the slabs, he charged them furiously, and tossed them over with his horns. Te Ata snatching up the child sprang from under, and as the bull charged past him, he quickly replaced two of the slabs, and put the boy behind them, telling him in the event of his escaping, to make for Waikanae, and inform the people there of what had happened to his father. The bull seeing him standing close by did not at once rush at him; but with head bent low, bellowed and growled within a few feet of where he stood, as if getting up his courage for the attack. Te Ata made up his mind at that moment what to do; and springing to the side of the astonished animal, he put his right arm round the base of the bull's neck, and pressed his body against his shoulder. The bull tossed his head and tried to strike the man with his horns, but in vain; the man was too agile and quick in his movements, and as he pressed with all his strength against the bull's shoulder, the animal kept shifting his position, and moved slowly down towards the sea. The tide was coming in, and soon swept over the spot where they stood. Te Ata noticed a pukio, or niggerhead, floating on the incoming waves, and as it swept past him, he seized it, and made a dash for the breakers, into which he plunged dragging the niggerhead after him. The bull followed, and kept so close behind him that he narrowly escaped being gored by it, but by continually diving in different directions he managed to widen the distance between himself and his tormentor; but nothing seemed to turn the brute from his purpose, and he appeared as much at home in the water as on the land. Loosening his shaggy waist mat, Te Ata fastened it round the niggerhead, and took several long dives before he ventured to look round, when to his intense relief, he saw the bull engaged with the niggerhead, which he was pawing at, and poking with its horns, apparently under the impression that he had at last caught his man. Leaving the vicious beast to expend

its spite on the pukio, Te Ata swam some distance down the coast, and then drew in towards the shore, and walked along through the surf till he thought he could emerge with safety from the water, and pursue his journey on *terra firma*. About two miles down the coast he passed a canoe drawn up on the beach, and noticed his little boy lying asleep in the stern of it, fright and fatigue having quite overcome the child. Taking him on his back, he pursued his journey to Waikanae, where he soon after arrived without any further misadventure.

CHAPTER VII.

AS soon as the fugitives from Kaiapoi had sufficiently recovered from the terrible shock which their feelings had sustained from their crushing defeat, they commenced to organize an expedition for the purpose of avenging the destruction of their Pah and people. Their cause was warmly espoused by their kinsman in the south, who were so impatient to carry out the project of revenge that two hundred and seventy of them started northwards under the leadership of Tuhawaiki and Karetai, before they had time to properly equip themselves for the struggle. Their object in hurrying away was to surprise Rauparaha, who made a practice of visiting the lagoons near the mouth of the Wairau river every year at that particular time, which was the moulting season of paradise ducks, and the other waterfowl, which he went there to procure. These birds after being plucked and cooked were packed in vessels, formed out of large kelp leaves protected on the outside with strips of totara bark, the vessels so formed being air-tight preserved the contents for a long time.

The Kaiapohian expedition which has ever since been known as Oraumoa-iti (small Oraumoa) in contradistinction to a subsequent expedition sent up for the same purpose, called Oraumoa-nui (or great Oraumoa) was within an ace of accomplishing its object. It arrived on the spot along the coast

where Rauparaha meant to land a few hours before he reached it, and having concealed their canoes, they placed a number of men in ambush in the woods, close to the beach; but owing to one of Rauparaha's men finding some trace of recent visitors at a short distance from high water mark, he gave the alarm, and though the southern men rushed from their place of concealment, and attacked Rauparaha's force, they only succeeded in killing a few of them. The old Chief escaped by hiding in the kelp near the rocks, till one of his canoes, still afloat, approached near enough for him to get on board. Paora Taki, the well-known native assessor at Rapaki, who was with the expedition recognized Rauparaha, and might have killed him as he brushed past him on his way to the water, if he had only possessed a better weapon than a sharpened stake to assault him with.

The Kaiapohians, who did not think it prudent to continue the pursuit of their enemies, who had recrossed the straits, returned home to reorganize and recruit their forces. A few months afterwards, a second expedition numbering four hundred warriors, under the command of Taiaroa, started for Cook's Strait in a flotilla of canoes and boats. They proceeded along the coast as far as Queen Charlotte's Sound, and at the head of it they met a large force of Rauparaha's men, whom they immediately attacked. The ground was very broken and wooded, and only a portion of the men on both sides got into action. Towards evening the northern men withdrew from the place, and the southerners claimed the victory. For some days in succession, encounters between the forces took place with varying results. In one of these engagements which took place on a steep hill-side two warriors were engaged in mortal combat, in a position where their movements attracted the notice of their respective sides, who watched with eager interest the struggle between them. Clasped in a close embrace, each one strove with desperate efforts to throw the other down. Te

Hikoia, the southern man, feeling that his antagonist, Te Kaurapa, had the advantage over him from his being on the upper side of the sloping ground, and that he was about to be overcome, cried out, "Iwikau e!" I am going! His nephew, who was armed with a fowling piece, hearing his cry of distress, flew to his assistance, calling out as he ran towards him, "disentangle yourself, throw him over your hip;" his object in giving the direction, being to get a shot at the enemy without endangering his relative's life. Hikoia, by a supreme effort, succeeded in doing what he was advised; and Iwikau seizing the opportunity, shot his uncle's opponent, who fell dead at his feet; and then seeing the fallen man's weapon (maipi) lying on the ground, he picked it up, and carried it off as a trophy. Rauparaha, who witnessed from a short distance the whole transaction, remarked to his companions, "I kia atu ano," (I told you it would be so), alluding to the advice he had given his men not to come to close quarters with their Ngai Tahu foes, whom they knew from past experience to be desperate fellows at a hand-to-hand encounter. The scarcity of food compelled the southern warriors to return before they were able to accomplish anything decisive. Shortly afterwards, circumstances occurred which led to the total cessation of hostilities between the two parties. Rauparaha's tribe quarrelled with their neighbours and allies, the Ngatiawa and fearing a coalition being formed against him, the wily Chief of Ngatittoa resolved to make peace with Ngaitahu; and selecting the Chiefs of highest rank from amongst his Kaiapohia prisoners, he sent them home under the charge of an honourable escort, desiring them to use their influence with their friends to accept his friendly overtures. The unexpected return of Momo, a Chief of very high rank, and greatly beloved on account of his amiable disposition, and the noted Iwikau, and other valued leaders of the tribe, accompanied by a band of Rauparaha's trusted friends, whose lives were now in their power to spare or take as they pleased,

won the goodwill of the Kaiapohians, who accepted the terms offered to them, and made peace with their late foes.

But though peace was established the bulk of the Kaiapohians prisoners carried to the north were still kept in bondage. There were influences at work however on their behalf, which soon resulted in their release and return to their own land. The humanizing influences of the Christian religion, which was first introduced to the Maori people in the vicinity of the Bay of Islands by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, in 1814, had gradually penetrated the country, till in 1839 it reached the tribes over which Rauparaha ruled, who as soon as they embraced the Christian faith released all their prisoners, and assisted them to return home.

When New Zealand was proclaimed a British Colony in 1840, several of the Kaiapoi Chiefs attached their names to the Treaty of Waitangi, by which the Maoris transferred the rights of sovereignty to the English Crown, the deed having been brought to them for signature by the Captain of H. M. S. Herald.

In 1843, Tamihana, the only surviving son of Rauparaha, and his cousin Matene te Whiwhi, inspired with the noble desire to repair as far as they could the injuries inflicted upon the Ngai Tahu by their relatives, visited the South Island, where they spent two years, during which period they visited every Maori settlement in it, for the purpose of imparting to the inhabitants a knowledge of the Christian faith, which they had both embraced: having been baptized shortly before undertaking their mission by Mr. Hadfield, the present Primate of the Anglican Church in New Zealand. During the whole time spent amongst the Ngai Tahu, these two young men were in momentary danger of being put to death, either to gratify the feeling of hatred cherished in many hearts towards their kinsmen, or by someone who felt impelled by the ancient custom of blood feud, not to miss such an opportunity of

avenging the death of dear relatives who had perished by the hands of Rauparaha's tribesmen, during their various raids on the south. The heroic courage and fervent zeal of the two young missionaries was rewarded by the conversion of the entire population, who were won over to the Christian faith by witnessing in their conduct and demeanour, the evidence of its divine power to change hate into love, and the bitterest enemies into the firmest friends.

In 1848, the Chiefs of Kaiapoi, and other sections of the tribe assembled at Akaroa to meet Mr. Commissioner Kemp, who had arrived there in H. M. S. Fly, for the purpose of negotiating with them for the purchase of their lands. The negotiations were successful, and Mr. Mantell was sent shortly afterwards to survey the portions which the Maoris had reserved from sale for their own occupation. Amongst the reserves made was the site of the old Kaiapoi Pah, to which Mr. Mantell referred as follows in his dispatch to the Governor, written in 1848:— "I have guaranteed to the natives that the site of the ancient Pah, Kaiapoi, shall be reserved to her Majesty's Government, to be held sacred for both Europeans and Natives." As long as the old Maoris lived who regarded with veneration the spot associated with so many proud and pleasant, as well as so many sad and humiliating memories of the past, the site of the old fortress was not willingly and knowingly desecrated. But since their removal by death, their degenerate representatives have shewn an utter want of decent respect for the site of the ancestral home of their tribe, and for the sake of securing a paltry sum paid as rent, they have allowed an unsightly fence to be erected right across the front wall of the Pah, which was before that in a state of excellent preservation, and cattle to be depastured within the enclosure, the result being that the walls have been trampled down, and the ditches filled in and many interesting marks of its former occupants obliterated. There is still time to rescue what remains to mark a spot rendered famous by its past

history—a spot which will be regarded with increasing interest as years roll on.

Seven years ago the Kaiapoi Maoris agreed, at a meeting convened in their Runanga house, to erect a stone monument, on which the chief incidents connected with the history of the Pah were to be inscribed; but so few of them have given anything towards carrying out the project, that it has remained in abeyance. Perhaps some of those who are equally entitled with the Maoris to call Kaiapoi their birth-place, may be induced, after reading these pages, to help to protect the remains of this famous fortress, and to perpetuate the memory of its defenders.

The story of the Old Pah is ended, and if it has been properly told, the reader will concur with the writer in the opinion that amongst those whose deeds deserve to be kept in remembrance by the people of this country, are the brave defenders of
KAIAPOHIA.

